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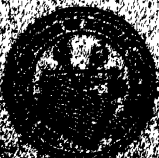
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**FROM ROUGH RIDER
TO PRESIDENT**

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FROM ROUGH RIDER TO PRESIDENT

BY
DR. MAX KULLNICK

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN

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WITH FRONTISPIECE



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PREFACE

IT IS rare, if not an altogether unheard of thing, to find a foreign scholar giving his attention to an American statesman, much less to a living American statesman. It is no small compliment, therefore, to the American nation as well as a high tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, that an eminent German has seen fit to write a short biography of the greatest living exponent of what is best in the American people.

The book is in a measure unique : it is unique not only because it gives the biography of a man who is yet, as far as we can tell, in the beginning of his service to his country, a man who as a private citizen has found it in his power to exert a greater influence upon the life of the people and the course of national affairs than the political leaders themselves, and who has absorbed the attention of the world the last few years as no other has done since the days of Napoleon the First; but the book is also unique because it is not an over-zealous tribute from the pen of a fellow-countryman, but a spontaneous recognition of the heroic qualities of Mr. Roosevelt by an unbiassed scholar of that nation of scholars, Germany.

PREFACE

With few exceptions, notably Chapter X, which has been purposely condensed, the book is given as it came from the pen of the distinguished German. It has been the aim of the editor in every case to preserve the sense of the original, though he is not vain enough to pretend that the translation is without error. He believes, however, that the details of the life of the man and the general tone of the book are, in all essentials, faithfully preserved.

F. V. R.

MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS,
January, 1911.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has succeeded in gaining the confidence, yea, even the love, of his fellow citizens in an unprecedented way. The educated people declare him every inch a man, and the uneducated look upon him as a being almost superhuman. He is believed to know everything and to be able to do everything. Whenever difficulties arise in any part of the country, all eyes are turned instinctively to Mr. Roosevelt as the one who is able and willing to help them out of the trouble, be it of a public or a private nature.

Though we keep aloof from any exaggeration, we must acknowledge that in Roosevelt an important and striking personality is presented. He is regarded as the personification of the real American character. Just as he, in boyhood, tried to imitate the great men of his country, such as Washington and Lincoln, he himself has become to-day the hero of every American youth.

It is true that our young men do not have to go to foreign lands for men after whom to shape their lives ; our own country has many men as worthy of imitation as any that the world has produced. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to let pass unnoticed such a fascinating and altogether noble personality

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as Mr. Roosevelt, simply because he is a citizen of a foreign country. A man who has by his own will power overcome an inherent bodily weakness, a man who faithfully and courageously stands for what is right and fights for what is good, a man whose highest aim is to advance the cause of morality and right living everywhere, such a man deserves to be placed before the younger generations as a model of true manhood.

But this is not the only purpose of writing this book. As but little of Roosevelt's past life is known in Germany, it is hoped that it will be welcomed by many a reader who desires to know more of the details of the life of the man who has stood so prominently in the foreground of the world's history in recent years.

I have chosen the title, "From Rough Rider to President," because it was the popularity gained in the Cuban war that finally placed Mr. Roosevelt in the White House.

My sources have been, above all, his own works, and in addition the writings and reports of those in close touch with him. For help in gathering the material for this book, I am especially indebted to Mr. Herbert Putnam of the Congressional Library at Washington and also to the former private secretary of the president, Mr. William Loeb, Jr., and to these gentlemen I hereby express my thanks.

MAX KULLNICK.

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FROM ROUGH RIDER TO PRESIDENT

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

SOON after Peter Stuyvesant, the knight with the silver leg, had become director-general of the Dutch colony in North America, he was followed by a crowd of men who differed distinctly from the earlier inhabitants of New England. They were not impelled by a longing for adventure to settle in New Amsterdam, nor did they turn their backs upon the Old World because "the native soil had become too hot for them to tread upon," nor did they wish to indulge in America in practices considered criminal at home. On the contrary, they were respectable, well-to-do men. Many of them belonged to the old Dutch nobility and took with them to the New World their native pride in the family coat of arms. They entrusted themselves to the lightly built sailing-ships and emigrated with their belongings to America in the hope that they might enhance more effectively the commercial interests of Holland.

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The number of furs and skins taken from New Amsterdam to Europe was incredibly large, for the forests, which began at the back steps of the last houses of the village and extended as far as any one had ever dared to penetrate them, teemed with game of every kind. On the numerous rivers, countless beavers built their artistic dams. The red masters of the land, whose principal occupation was hunting, brought to the whites, with whom they were generally friendly, mountains of the most precious furs to exchange for valueless trifles, and above all for the "fire water" of the foreign traders. No wonder then that the Dutch merchants, flattered by the prospects of rich gain, settled in miserable New Amsterdam, which did not become a flourishing city till the reign of Peter Stuyvesant.

The arrival of the Dutch colonists had a distinct influence on the settlement at New Amsterdam. The population at this time was a mixture of men from everywhere: there were, besides the Dutch, the English and the Irish, the Germans and the French Huguenots, to say nothing of the Indians who lolled in the streets and between the houses. Nor was Africa without representation in New Amsterdam; and more and more frequently ships from the Gold Coast transplanted negroes to American soil. Eighteen different languages and dialects were spoken upon the streets. The moral ideals of the people were, perhaps, even more various. Alongside the

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well-educated European with his high ethical standards were living all kinds of depraved men who had fled the prisons of the Old World. Side by side with the hard-working tillers of the soil were bestial red men, indolent and inclined to theft and murder. Under these conditions, the thrifty Dutchmen soon became the ruling class, and continued to exert their influence, when, in 1664, the English took possession of New Amsterdam and gave it the name of New York in honor of the Duke of York, later James II.

One of the men who settled in New Amsterdam during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant was Claes Martenszoon van Rosenvelt, the forefather of a long line of merchants, many of whom have rendered excellent services to their country. The Roosevelts have occupied seats in the city council of New York at various times. In some respects, the most able of them all was Johannes Roosevelt, who was a member of the council from 1748 to 1767, and increased the wealth and the honor of the family. Although their fortune has never been such that it could be compared with that of the dollar-kings of the America of to-day, it was large enough to secure for the Roosevelts a comfortable, care-free life, since the family has always been guided by principles of economy. One Nicholas Roosevelt was, in 1786, a member of the Senate and at the same time president of the Bank of New York; another Roosevelt gained fame as an engineer by building the first steamboat that ever floated on the Ohio and the

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Mississippi. The grandfather of the ex-president was elected by his fellow-citizens a member of Congress, and his father, Theodore, was one of the most influential citizens of New York. This Theodore Roosevelt was a lawyer and a judge at one time. But his professional duties alone did not satisfy the cravings of his strong, industrious mind, and he devoted a large part of his time to the care of the poor and helpless. He interested himself in the freed slaves, investigated the distress of the homeless, and tried to make it possible for criminals who had atoned for their crimes in prison to become again respected and useful members of society. His philanthropy stamped him a real father of the children of New York ; he had his own opinions as to education and advocated them with great determination. Above all, he demanded for the children fresh air and exercise in the open; they should wander at will in the fields and woods and enjoy their play in order that they might learn to love and to value nature, and at the same time to develop to the fullest their physical powers, which, in the poisoned atmosphere of the crowded city, were in danger of permanent injury. The father of the ex-president was himself a great lover of nature, and an ardent admirer of fine horses and dogs — it was his pride and joy that no one in New York was better able to drive a carriage than he. Through the establishment of numerous homes for the newsboys of New York, he became the benefactor of that great host of

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boys upon whom the burden of self-support had too early fallen. A man in whose breast there beat a heart so warm for the distress of the children of the slums would naturally have a tender love for his own children. Mr. Roosevelt was married to Martha Bulloch, the daughter of General Bulloch, a Georgian who repeatedly distinguished himself on the Confederate side during the Civil War. Mr. Roosevelt himself championed the cause of the North. While one Bulloch was building the pirate ship, the *Alabama*, and another was aiming the last shot fired from it as it sank down under the guns of the Unionists, Mr. Roosevelt was in New York, busy with equipping regiments, sending them to the front, and seeing to it that the soldiers in the field and their families at home were cared for. Though the husband and wife by the bonds of nature were drawn to opposing parties, their difference in sympathies was never allowed to disturb in the least their personal relations. The truly happy home-life of his parents has often been set up by ex-President Roosevelt as a symbol of the unification of the North and the South. Just as he feels himself neither a man of the North nor a man of the South, but simply an American, so must the barriers which once separated the country fall before the common interests of the North and the South.

Four children, two boys and two girls, were welcomed by-and-by into the old patrician home of the Roosevelts in New York. Though the younger son,

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Elliott, was a strong, healthy boy, the older, Theodore, born October 27, 1858, was not so happily endowed. On account of his frail body, he was the object of special care and caused continual anxiety to his parents. The first years of his life were spent largely at the family country seat at Sagamore Hill near Oyster Bay, Long Island. But in spite of all that his parents, aided by the pure sea air and the aromatic breezes of the woods, could do for him, he still suffered acutely and remained stunted in growth.

His physical helplessness created in him a certain bashfulness, which was apparent in his intercourse with other children. When bigger boys made fun of him, he did not know what to do, and usually sought refuge with his stronger brother, Elliott, who early became his protector. His mind, however, developed far more quickly. When very small he was able to set the whole household at odds by his questions, for, if anything excited his attention, he bombarded each member of the family in turn, till he had secured an answer which satisfied him. When he was scarcely six years old, he would frequently compel his mother to sit by him to listen to what he had to say concerning problems that were in his mind, or to the stories with which he entertained his brother and sisters by the hour: stories wherein animals talked and the heroes were all Samsons or Herculesees.

The first years of his life were care-free, and his days full of boyish sports, in which his father occa-

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sionally took part. Those were the real holidays when the father and children mingled together on the basis of sweet comradeship. Under the leadership of the father, they hunted, they bathed, they sailed, they beat together the untrodden paths of the silent woods, and, when time was too short for more extended trips, they strolled together upon their own lawn.

The impressions of this early period of his life have always remained with Mr. Roosevelt. They awakened in him a love for nature and all that is and lives therein; they taught him the value of play and manly sports; and above everything else they gave him a high ideal of a happy family life.

Gradually the time approached when the parents had to think of placing the children in a school. Mr. Roosevelt was sensible enough to send them to the public school. He realized that, among children at least, the difference between rich and poor should not be apparent, but that all classes should be educated in the principles of equality, should play and be joyful together, and should in noble combat gain the standing in the class-room, which, on account of ability and hard work, was rightfully theirs. Little Theodore is said to have progressed slowly at first. His physical weakness did not permit him to take part in the play of the children, for, though he possessed the courage to accept challenges, or even to play the role of the aggressor, he lacked the necessary strength to match his opponents.

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And yet the "fight for existence" began for him in the truest sense of the word on the very day he first entered school. The other children teased him about his sailor suit and tauntingly dubbed him a fop. As he could not endure that, he was frequently engaged in fights, which often ended so disastrously for him that his brother Elliott had to come to his rescue. His father praised him when he had shown himself courageous, and so instilled in him the value of firmness in the right that later in his advice to American boys in "St. Nicholas" he said: "The coward who receives a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but yet he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who on account of the mocking of his companions, who are themselves in the wrong, does not dare to stand for that which he considers right." Such were the principles which he held even when a boy, and he has always remained true to them, no matter how trying the circumstances. As a boy he was full of life and always ready for all sorts of wild pranks. Had not Providence selected him for something better, no doubt he would have met violent death when, as a boy, to the astonishment of all the neighbors, he once practised gymnastics on the ledge of a third-story window. As his health did not improve, his father thought it advisable to let him spend the greater part of the year at Sagamore Hill, where, under the care of a private teacher, he could be almost always in the open. For a short time he attended the Cutter private school in

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New York, which then was one of the best-known schools.

As has been said before, the father of Theodore Roosevelt was an energetic, industrious man. His wealth would have allured a less noble and determined character from any kind of work, but the elder Roosevelt's whole conception of the meaning of life was such as to preclude any thought of that nature. Again and again he called the attention of his children to the fact that there is no place on earth for lazy and idle people ; that no one has the moral right to spend his days doing nothing, even if he need not work ; but that every man is in duty bound to perform some honest task with his whole mind and strength. Such doctrines made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of young Theodore.

Early in life young Roosevelt manifested some of those traits of character which are well known in Roosevelt the man. As a boy he entertained a great liking for history and all things connected with it. The " Journeys of Livingstone through the Dark Continent " was one of the first books that he truly devoured. He had little use for mathematics with its fixed formulæ and dry numbers ; but his sense of duty held him to the intricacies of the science till he became reasonably proficient, which furnished further proof of his wonderful will-power, the master key of his successful life.

It has been said that Roosevelt was born with a

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golden spoon in his mouth, and that he is a Sunday child. If we consider, however, that intellectually he was not at all above the boys of his age and that physically he was below them, we shall hardly believe the statement. His wealth did not raise him above his contemporaries, but he has become what he is to-day, the pride and the hope of a mighty people, the hero and the shining example of every American boy, on account of his honesty, his industry and the strength of his indomitable will.

From his reading in youth, he got the heroes whom he wished to imitate. The heroic figures of the northern sea-kings, who ploughed the sea like fields and till death remained true to their love and their hatred, who with a grim smile looked death in the face and gave their life without flinching for their avenging deity, impressed him deeply. He found a similar spirit in the men who pushed past the mountain barriers of the Alleghanies, brushed aside the resisting Indians of the plains, and made the prairies blossom as the rose. The books of Captain Mayne Reid, who had himself been a merchant and a negro-overseer, a teacher and an actor, a hunter and a sharp-shooter during the Indian wars, together with the stories of Irving and Cooper, formed his favorite reading. And in the woods of Sagamore Hill, he fought out the battles of his heroes. High on horseback with gun in hand, he saw himself in strife with the giants of his imaginary world. But to be that conqueror of whom

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he dreamed, he must be strong and vigorous, and he was still weak and pale.

He was intensely conscious of his own bodily infirmities and strove in every way in his power to overcome them. He rowed and swam ; he took exercise in walking and made frequent excursions through the woods and into the mountains. These journeys brought him still closer to the nature about him. Almost as byplay, he learned the names of the various trees and flowers of his neighborhood, and soon he was able to distinguish the birds by their songs. None of his playmates knew as much as he about the birds: their feathers, their songs, their nesting and their mode of living. He also became somewhat skilled in the art of the taxidermist, and made collections, which were later considered valuable enough to give to the National Museum.

At the beginning of the year 1873, Theodore Roosevelt, senior, went to the World's Exposition at Vienna as a commissioner of the United States. As it was thought that the trip might bring to the fourteen-year-old boy the long looked for health, the whole family accompanied the father to Europe. For many months, the little sufferer enjoyed the fresh air of the Highlands of Algeria. A short trip took him to Egypt and to Palestine. No doubt the pyramids and other silent witnesses of the greatness and the splendor of a people long dead left a deep impression on the receptive mind of the young man, as he drifted down

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the Nile through the ruins of vanished empires ; but more than the past and its deeds, the living nature about appealed to him. With a gun on his shoulder, he strolled over the land of the Pharaohs, industriously collecting trophies of the chase.

As his asthmatic troubles had at last let go of him and his lungs had become strong under the influence of the climate, his parents gave their consent to his long-expressed wish to visit Germany. Partly on account of Dresden's splendid situation and partly on account of the advantages, which, according to English and American opinions, it offered for the education of children, it was selected as Theodore's stopping place. On the recommendation of the American consul, Theodore, as well as his brother Elliott and his sister Corinne, was placed under the care of Dr. Minkwitz, an alderman and a member of the Reichstag. As Dr. Minkwitz had to spend a large part of his time in Berlin on official duty, his wife had the burden of responsibility for the care of the children, and his daughter, Miss Anna Minkwitz, acted as teacher.

The children, who were all beginners in German, studied Otto's "Method for Young English People Who Want to Learn German." Miss Minkwitz read with them short stories, and occasionally a poem, but above all she tried to help them by constant practice in speaking. Though Theodore was not exactly a splendid pupil, he showed an extraordinary talent for acquiring languages and wonderful adaptability to

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German conditions. He had been in Dresden only a short time when he gave a surprising proof of his knowledge of the language. The brother of Miss Minkwitz, who was a student at Leipzig, told one day in the course of his conversation a student joke at which all present laughed, and most of all Theodore Roosevelt. Miss Minkwitz was naturally astonished at his actions and asked him why he laughed. He then repeated the story in English and showed beyond doubt that he had grasped its point truly. How observant he was of what went on around him, the servant girl once found out to her sorrow. She had an admirer named Karl, of whom her employers had no knowledge, although she had been in their service several years. One can easily conjecture the surprise of the girl, and every one else, when Theodore greeted her one morning with, "Emily, *ich bin Karl, ich liebe dich.*"

As his asthmatic troubles, which came back upon him time and again, made conversation with him difficult, he had only a few friends. He found consolation for his misfortune, however, in books, over which he could forget himself and all about him. Miss Minkwitz could not have given him greater joy than she did by presenting him with a copy of the "Nibelungenlied." In it he came again in contact with the same characters with whom he had become familiar in English books. How deep was the impression made upon him by reading this German poem can be

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learned from the pages of his own greatest work, "The Winning of the West," in which he has quoted in middle-high German sentence after sentence from the "Nibelungenlied." Diller's "History of the German People" also attracted his attention, but of German poems he kept in memory only one: "Above everything, one thing, my child, be faithful and true."

Under the guidance of the painter and author, Wegener, he learned to draw. That Roosevelt later in life in the wilderness and at his farm on the Little Missouri was able to make such careful observations of the life and the habits of the animals is due in no small degree to this friendly old man, who on their frequent rambles had called his attention to the beauties of nature and had sharpened his eyes for all that goes on in the great out-of-doors. Brehm's "Life of Animals" became to him a source of truest joy, for he had often dreamed of being a professor of natural history some day.

This preference for things of the animal world seems, by the way, to be hereditary with the Roosevelts. The children of the president have also surrounded themselves with a whole menagerie of quadrupeds, as he tells us in his "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter." Kangaroo rats and flying squirrels sleep in their pockets, go to school with them, and at times appear at table.

One day at Dresden, Theodore made up his mind that he must have a mouse or a mole. As Miss Mink-

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witz was unable to tell him where such things could be got, he set out on his own accord and soon found a store where white mice could be bought. He purchased a dead mole and a dead marmot and set out for home, swinging them triumphantly in his hands. He skinned the little animals at once and walked boldly into the kitchen and asked to boil them in Miss Minkwitz's pan. Miss Minkwitz did not approve the plan, however, and once again young Roosevelt was thrown upon his own resources, which, as before, were equal to the occasion. He built a hearth of brick and soon accomplished on the outside what he had been forbidden to do in the kitchen, i. e., boil the flesh from the bones in order to put them together as a skeleton.

His zeal for collecting was apparent in other ways, for instance, peculiar coins. One day in the family circle, some one spoke of the withdrawal from circulation of a certain Hanoverian-Brunswick coin, stamped with the figure of a jumping horse. That afternoon as Miss Minkwitz was walking with her charge through the streets, she was horrified beyond measure to see him reach into the money chest of an apple-vendor. The owner of the money chest very naturally supposed that the little rascal was wanting to steal, and the passers-by were coming to her rescue, when Theodore, not the least shaken in composure, brought forth his own purse and by motion of his hand urged the woman to help herself every time he took a coin from her box. Had he not then as a boy showed that

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cool-headedness which so distinguished him in later life, the future president might have carried to America a not very agreeable reminiscence of Germany.

Though the boy was daily sitting industriously at his books and was absorbed deeply in the German classics, he did not neglect walking through the fields and woods, a habit that had become dear to him at Sagamore Hill. He soon felt himself at home in the neighborhood of Dresden, and wandered through Saxon Switzerland in every direction.

After the Roosevelt children had been for several months in the home of Dr. Minkwitz, their mother came to take them on a journey through Switzerland. In the company of their teacher, they visited Augsburg, Lindau, the Genfer Lake, Samaden, and the Engadine, and in this way became acquainted with a large territory of the German race. It was on this trip that young Theodore again showed the bent of his mind in a characteristic manner. At Samaden, the luggage had all been placed in the wagon, the occupants had taken their seats and were ready to start, when an attendant stepped up to the wagon with an armful of Theodore's clothes, which he had thrown out of his trunk as trifles, to make room for some stones which he had collected. Mrs. Roosevelt ordered the stones to be taken out and the clothes packed in the trunk. After which, Theodore jumped out and put as many of the stones as he could carry into his pockets. Unfortunately it was only a small part of

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the treasure. Although he went away with an aching heart, he restrained his grief and let no one know how serious a thing the matter was to him.

After finishing the tour of Switzerland, the children remained some time longer in Dresden, in order to recover from fatigue and to digest the fresh impressions which the sight of the Alps had awakened in them. During this time Theodore suffered more than usual and was a constant care to his attendants. But in spite of racking pain, he was always in good humor, and gratefully acknowledged every little act of kindness bestowed upon him. If his frank and joyful disposition, his loving heart and bright intellect had not already made him the darling of the Minkwitz family, he surely would have won all by the patience with which he bore his misfortune. Though he was full of boyish pranks and often disturbed the quiet dignity of the Minkwitz home, he was always a favorite with the family. He knew the feeling they had for him and tried in every way to requite his kind friends for the love they gave him. He was studiously careful to do nothing that might distress them. For instance, when his mother visited them in Dresden, Elliott and Corinne remained for dinner with her at the hotel; but Theodore punctually appeared at the house of his foster parents and, out of regard for them, refused the seat at the *table d'hôte*. This delicacy of feeling, which he often manifested as a boy, later became with him second nature.

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Bad humor and peevishness, which we are accustomed to find in sick people, children and adults alike, were foreign to him. He was always full of fancy notions and showed even as a boy, the gift of real American humor, with which Mark Twain has made us familiar. An incident which happened at Dresden may serve as an illustration. Miss Minkwitz had gone with the children to the dentist. Theodore showed his teeth first, which the dentist found in excellent condition. Neither did he discover anything wrong with Elliott's; but he said that Corinne had a bad milk tooth which should be taken out at once, and asked her if he must do it. She declined, saying that she would pull it herself. After the dentist had advised her to get rid of it right away, Miss Minkwitz asked how much she owed him. "Fifteen dollars," quietly replied the doctor. Thunder-struck at the amount, she paid the bill and started home with the children.

On the stairs, Theodore whispered:

"Do you know, Miss Minkwitz, how much the money was worth?"

"No!" she replied in disgust.

"I'll tell you: it was worth the face you made when you heard how much it was. I should be willing to give twice as much to see you make that face again."

After the children had been in Germany about six months, Miss Minkwitz, in October, 1873, took them to England to meet their parents and to say good-bye to them before they sailed for America. The family was

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soon again at Sagamore Hill, and life for young Theodore moved once more in its accustomed channel.

Though the journey to Europe had widened considerably the perspective of Theodore and had made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, it had not the matured consequences which his parents had hoped for. Again he took up his studies to prepare himself for the university, and developed more and more into a veritable book-worm. With great zeal he plunged into the study of history. He soon knew the positions of the armies in every important battle that had ever been fought, knew the names of the leaders and the numerical strength of their respective divisions: in short, he was master of all the details of history no less than of the cardinal principles involved. One of his friends recently said that, if all the records of the Peloponnesian War were destroyed, Roosevelt could reproduce the entire campaign from memory.

Gradually as he read, his national pride began to assert itself, when he saw that the deeds of young America measured up well with those of Europe. Just as formerly he had swallowed the tales of Reid and Cooper, he now drank in all the historical records he could lay his hands upon. He read deeply into the lives of the great men of his own country. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and other men of thought and action had a profound influence in shaping his conduct. They became the standard by which he measured his own work and moulded his ideals.

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But again and again he was forced to face the fact that, on account of his physical weakness, he could not hope to render services equally great to his country. He said to himself that he would necessarily have to become strong if he were ever to be a man of their calibre, and he set himself to work for health with obstinate determination. He took up again his wanderings through the quiet woods, which had formerly given him so much pleasure. When a boy, he had thought chiefly of the singing birds, but now he was attracted by the hunter's prey. With congenial friends he followed for days the trail of fleeing stags or climbed mountain peaks in search of wild sheep and goats. Night after night they slept under the bright stars or in a light tent of sail-cloth. Though it was hard for him at times, he ran long races with his friends, climbed the highest mountain tops to watch the sunrise, bathed in the clear, cold waters of mountain brooks and, as opportunity was afforded him, swam and rowed. He learned to use the gun with growing skill. In his "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter,"* he tells of his first experience of the pleasures of the chase:

"Two or three of us, all boys of fifteen or sixteen, had been enjoying what was practically our first experience in camping out, having gone out with two guides, Hank Martin

*"Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright England and America, Charles Scribner's Sons.

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and Mose Sawyer, from Paul Smith's on Lake St. Regis. My brother and cousin were fond of fishing and I was not, so I was deputed to try to bring in a deer. I had a double-barreled 12-bore gun, French pinfire, with which I had industriously collected specimens on a trip to Egypt and Palestine and on Long Island; except for three or four enthralling but not oversuccessful days after woodcock and quail, I had done no game shooting. As to every healthy boy with a taste for out-door life, the Northern forests were to me a veritable land of enchantment. We were encamped by a stream among the tall pines, and I had enjoyed everything; poling and paddling the boat, tramping through the woods, the cries of chickaree and chipmunk, of jay, woodpecker, chickadee, nuthatch, and cross-bill, which broke the forest's stillness; and, above all, the great reaches of sombre woodland themselves. The heart-shaped footprints which showed where the deer had come down to drink and feed on the marshy edges of the water made my veins thrill; and the nights around the flickering camp-fire seemed filled with romance.

"My first experiment in jacking was a failure. The jack, a bark lantern, was placed upon a stick in the bow of the boat, and I sat in a cramped huddle behind it, while Mose Sawyer plied the paddle with noiseless strength and skill in the stern. I proved unable to respond even to the very small demand made upon me, for when we actually did come upon a deer I failed to see it, until it ran, when I missed it; and on the way back capped my misfortune by shooting a large owl which perched on a log projecting into the water, looking at the lantern with two glaring eyes.

"All next day I was miserably conscious of the smothered disfavor of my associates, and when night fell was told I would have another chance to redeem myself. This time we started across a carry, the guide carrying the light boat, and launched it in a quiet little pond about a mile off. Dusk was just turning into darkness when we reached the edge of the little lake, which was perhaps a mile long by three-quarters

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of a mile across, with indented shores. We did not push off for half an hour or so, until it was entirely dark; and then for a couple of hours we saw no deer. Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed the ghostly, mysterious, absolutely silent night ride over the water. Not the faintest splash betrayed the work of the paddler. The boat glided stealthily alongshore, the glare of the lantern bringing out for one moment every detail of the forest growth on the banks, which the next second vanished into absolute blackness. Several times we saw muskrats swimming across the lane of light cut by the lantern through the darkness, and two or three times their sudden plunging and splashing caused my heart to leap. Once when we crossed the lake we came upon a loon floating buoyantly right out in the middle of it. It stayed there until we were within ten yards, so that I could see the minute outlines of the feathers and every movement of the eye. Then it swam off, but made no cry. At last, while crossing the mouth of a bay we heard a splashing sound among the lilies inshore, which even my untrained ears recognized as different from any of the other noises we had yet heard, and a jarring motion of the paddle showed that the paddler wished me to be on the alert. Without any warning, the course of the boat was suddenly changed, and I was aware that we were moving stern foremost. Then we swung around, and I could soon make out that we were going down the little bay. The forest-covered banks narrowed; then the marsh at the end was lighted up, and on its hither edge, knee-deep among the water-lilies, appeared the figure of a yearling buck still in the red. It stood motionless, gazing at the light with a curiosity wholly unmixed with alarm, and at the shot wheeled and fell at the water's edge. We made up our mind to return to camp that night, as it was before midnight. I carried the buck and the torch, and the guide the boat, and the mile walk over the dim trail, occasionally pitching forward across a stump or root, was a thing to be remembered. It was my first deer, and I was very glad to get it; but although only

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a boy, I had sense enough to realize that it was not an experience worth repeating."

At last the result of his determined struggle for health showed itself: his muscles grew firmer, and his power of endurance increased; his whole frame took on a more rigid attitude, and the attacks of his asthmatic troubles became less and less frequent, till gradually they disappeared altogether. But his weakness of eyes remained and forced him to wear spectacles constantly. Though, even as a boy he was not lacking in courage, he was compelled on account of his frail body to receive more blows than he was able to give, but now things were completely changed. It is true that he was and remained an entirely conciliatory and good-natured comrade; but when he was teased or provoked he no longer waited till his opponent fell upon him, but himself assumed the aggressive without hesitation. He acted upon the theory that he who deals the first blow always has the advantage. Though he may not be as strong as his opponent, his courageous attack, and the fact that he has dealt the first blow, gives him a kind of moral superiority. He has, at least, a chance to win, which seems from the beginning impossible when he confines himself to the defensive toward his stronger enemy. In later life whenever Roosevelt faced difficulties and dangers, he always tried to anticipate his opponents in the attack, and he has often won where, with a less bold method, defeat would have been certain.

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If one had tried to foretell what the future had in store for Theodore Roosevelt in the days when he was in school, surely one would not have guessed, unless endowed with the gift of prophecy, that he would be the man to guide the destiny of the United States and to cause the eyes of the whole world to be turned repeatedly toward him. Nevertheless, as has happened with other great men, people come forward who claim to have predicted the success of Theodore Roosevelt. It is reported that, while the Roosevelts were at Dresden, Mrs. Roosevelt expressed some anxiety to Miss Minkwitz as to what would become of her sickly boy; to which Miss Minkwitz replied: "Be not concerned as to that; he will surely be either a great professor, or perhaps even president of the United States." This "prophecy" is about equal to that which a teacher gave to the mother of a boy who had failed to make his grades in school: "Calm yourself, madam; if he works hard, he can yet make good, and perhaps become a cabinet minister some day." If such an extraordinary case should really occur some day, the teacher, who merely wished to console, might consider himself a prophet with the same right as Miss Minkwitz. Not only was he always ill, but he did not display unusual talent in any line of work. If one had been desirous at all of foretelling his future, the best that one could have said for him would have been that he would likely lead the life of a well-to-do citizen if he would take care of himself and carefully avoid exces-

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sive exertions of all kinds. That things have turned out differently was beyond all calculations, and is to be attributed to the will-power of the man, which has enabled him to overcome all obstacles victoriously.

Another prophecy which was made eleven years later (1884) can be understood easier. Theodore had then won his spurs, although he was only twenty-six years old. He had developed into a strong man and was a member of the New York legislature. When the National Convention met at Chicago, some one expressed surprise at the age of Roosevelt; to whom George William Curtis replied:

“ You ’ll know more, sir, later; a deal more, or I am much in error. Young ? Why, he is just out of school almost, yet he is a force to be reckoned with in New York. Later the Nation will be criticising or praising him. While respectful to the gray hairs and experience of his elders, none of them can move him an iota from convictions as to men and measures once formed and rooted. He has integrity, courage, fair scholarship, a love for public life, a comfortable amount of money, honorable descent, the good word of the honest. He will not truckle nor cringe, he seems to court opposition to the point of being somewhat pugnacious. His political life will probably be a turbulent one, but he will be a figure, not a figurehead, in future development — or, if not, it will be because he gives up politics altogether.”

Roosevelt himself in those earlier times did not

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think that he should ever rise as high as he did. It had been his ideal as a boy to become a teacher, of course a teacher of natural history. As he walked through the woods and fields, he studied carefully animal and plant life with the zeal of a young naturalist; but, as time went on, the enthusiasm of his youth passed away and his dreams of a career as a scientist gave place to others of a different nature. A few years ago, one of his friends, Julian Ralph, asked him what as a boy he had wished to be. To which Mr. Roosevelt replied: "I do not remember that I dreamed or made plans at all. I simply obeyed the command, 'What your hands find to do, do it with all your strength,' so I took upon myself everything as it came, just as it came. Later on I have stuck to Lincoln's motto, 'Do the best, or at least the best possible.'"

Helped by the advice and the example of an experienced father, Roosevelt at an early age became convinced that nothing is to be gained by dreaming, by the building of air castles. He forced himself to do thoroughly everything that he undertook, though it was hard for him at times. When he worked, he put his whole soul into what he was doing, and when he played, he played with the same energy and determination. In this way, he was always able to accomplish what he set himself to do. No doubt there were others as intelligent as he, others who could grasp things as quickly or more quickly than he, and others

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stronger and more skilful, but his intrepid courage and the tenacity with which he tried again and again anything at which he had once failed, secured for him recognition as a leader. He exercised body and mind in equal degree, and, when he entered the university at the age of eighteen, he bore the reputation of a thorough, conscientious student, and an able and fearless boxer and wrestler.

A little episode, harmless in itself, which occurred during his school years, should not remain unmentioned, because it was continued later on. Like many a German *Primaner* (a student of the German Gymnasium, a school equal to our high school and college) Theodore Roosevelt had his school-love. The girl was Edith Carow, who attended the same school with him. Her father was a merchant, her mother the daughter of General Tyler of Connecticut. For years the children had studied and played together, and when any other boy tried to tease her, Theodore was always her knight and protector, if we are to accept the testimony of his own brother, Elliott. The friendship was temporarily interrupted when Roosevelt went to the university and Miss Carow to another school. But in after years when the storms of life bore heavily on the young man, he found in Edith Carow, his school-love, his companion for life.

CHAPTER II

AT THE UNIVERSITY

THE same year that the centenary of American Independence was celebrated, Theodore Roosevelt, tall and pale, entered Harvard University. He rented rather modest quarters, consisting of a large front room and a small back room in which he slept. On the walls, he hung his gun and hunting outfit. The heads of deer, stuffed birds, and other trophies of the chase betrayed the hunter and lover of nature. Living animals of various descriptions also found a home with him. A large turtle of beautiful species, which a friend had given him, at one time upset the whole household by escaping from her cage and taking refuge, during the night, in the bath-room.

On account of his open, frank nature, Mr. Roosevelt soon became a favorite with his classmates, though at first he was laughed at for his Puritanic honesty and sincerity. He seemed to his companions too stiff, old-fashioned, and strait-laced. But later when they learned that he was deadly in earnest in all that he said and did, and was never afraid to call a spade a spade, a feeling of respect for the new student took hold of his companions. Though they often

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looked upon him as eccentric, they gradually learned to love him and to entrust themselves to his leadership.

He had his own opinion of the social ethics of the university. That certain things had always been done, was for him no proof that they should be done. He did not approach a subject in a thoughtless, acquiescent way, but took the liberty to think and to examine into it for himself. When a thing seemed good to him, he expressed his satisfaction with it, otherwise he dismissed it from his mind. Once his classmates were beside themselves when he coolly brought his bride into a club where a woman had never been before. He saw no reason why the women should stay away, and his companions, after much discussion, came to the same conclusion.

He tested, also, in the same manner the teachings of his professors, and often argued with them for hours, for he could not rest contented till they had proved to him that he was in the wrong or they had acknowledged their own mistake. His habit of viewing everything with a critical eye and of inflexibly sticking to what he believed to be right—which some called stubbornness—did not help in the least to remove from him the stigma of a queer fellow. But he seemed indifferent to the opinions of others. The free life of his boyhood had given him a high measure of self-esteem. He knew that he could depend upon himself and was never afraid to stand alone. He at

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times even broke the conventional in dress, and toward the close of his college course wore a short beard—which, by the way, is said to have improved his appearance. Quite often his classmates mocked him on account of his enthusiasm, which easily broke out in his study of Elizabethan poetry. Although the Harvard men of the ordinary type considered him “more or less crazy” by reason of these peculiarities, his thorough and extensive knowledge and his commanding independence won their admiration.

The intellectual qualifications which Mr. Roosevelt carried with him to Cambridge were the very best; a high sense of duty, a keen enjoyment of work, a hearty detestation of inactivity and laziness, and above all, the ability to direct his whole mind to anything that he had in hand and to forget everything else in the performance of the given task, a gift which he still possesses to a remarkable degree. When he read a book, he did not exactly read, but he lived through it. A story is told of him at Harvard which illustrates this. One day he went into a friend's room on a visit. Hardly had they greeted each other when Theodore noticed a book on the table which was new to him. He opened it and began to read. In vain his friend tried to start a conversation in the hope of learning what his strange visitor was after. Roosevelt heard nothing more; his thoughts were in the book. Suddenly he arose, looked at his watch and to his chagrin found that he had no more time. He seized his hat, said

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good-bye and hastened away. His friend called after him but to no avail.

His great power of concentration was very helpful to him in the discussion of controverted questions. Under the heat of debate, people get away at times involuntarily from the point at issue, and dispute about things which have nothing to do with the original proposition and upon which they were in the beginning agreed. Such a course of argument was impossible with Roosevelt. He did not digress, he took no side-leaps, and would not tolerate it in others. Once at a certain meeting, some one made a long-winded report of which he was very proud and which pleased all the others very much, but Mr. Roosevelt arose suddenly and began: "Mr. Chairman: I have listened attentively, but as far as I can see, the things which Mr. X has talked about have no more to do with the matter in question than the man in the moon. It is — " He did not proceed further, for a tumult arose, and the chairman never learned what "it" was.

The aims of an American university do not coincide with those of the German university. The German university is satisfied if it crams into the minds of the young men the greatest amount possible of the dry bones of human wisdom; but the American university is not content till it has entered the inner sanctum of the student's soul, dictated his ideals and moulded his character. The German student feels that he has done his duty to his alma mater when he has regis-

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tered regularly, has heard the lectures through the prescribed number of years, and he rests with an easy conscience when he has received his certificate. In other words, no restraint is exercised over him; he is at liberty to work or not to work, to listen or not to listen while the professor delivers his lecture. He may even read something foreign to the lecture being given or occupy himself in the study of some pet theory of his own. When the clock points to the hour for the lecture to close, he goes home and the university does not care how he spends his time. The academic freedom allowed permits the student to drink as little or as much as he wishes at the fountains of human knowledge. The German university declines to regulate the academic life of the young men, and she does not in the least think of holding herself responsible for the development of their character. A student may stuff himself with all kinds of knowledge, and grow into a man who has not the least understanding of the world about him; he may be totally incapable of meeting the emergencies of life, and may leave the university without ever having really coined an independent thought.

Not so in the American university. The university or college does not, as in Germany, serve the professional schools. The university in America is the place where young men and young women go to get a general education. The university education precedes that of the professional schools, such as law,

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medicine, engineering, ministry. Even at such a large university as Harvard, which enrolls five thousand students and employs five hundred and fifty instructors, the young people come in much closer contact with each other and with the teachers than with us. Habitual cutting of classes is rare, for every one who wishes to be promoted to a higher class must submit to a thorough examination in all his studies. The course of every class lasts one year, and he who has passed successfully the examination of the fourth class receives the degree Bachelor of Arts. Though the students may choose freely within the prescribed courses, they are still more confined in their election than their German cousins.

The American universities are not only the temples of knowledge but they are also the recognized nurseries of all kinds of manly sports. They ask of their graduates not only a certain amount of learning, but also physical skill, fearless and pleasant bearing in social intercourse. And since the universities give the opportunity for acquiring these things, we may safely conclude that the American university solves a more complex and comprehensive problem than the universities of Germany. Every Harvard man who wants to make progress must economize his time. One half—surely by far the greater—belongs to serious work, the other to play and social enjoyment, which enables the university to turn out symmetrical men as well as scholars.

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The class to which Theodore Roosevelt belonged numbered about one hundred and seventy. In class standing he always had a place among the first twenty. History, in the most general sense of the term, was what attracted him, the history of animals as well as of men. He even thought at the time of devoting himself to natural history; but gradually in the course of his four years he felt his interest shift somewhat. The deeds of men became to him of greater importance as time went on, and absorbed to a degree his interest in natural history. Through the reading of the "Federalist," a book on the Constitution of the United States by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, and the writings and deeds of Washington and other great statesmen, he was introduced to the political problems of his country. Though, while in school, he never lost entirely his love for things of natural science, and even wrote a thesis in his senior year upon a subject of natural history, his boyhood dream of devoting his life to biological science definitely vanished. "Plutarch's Lives" became his favorite book, a copy of which he carried in his pocket and from which he read at odd moments. No doubt he read and reread the same thing for the thousandth time, but he said himself that he could never learn too much from those great biographies.

During his school days, he was always faithful to his every duty, however small. His classmates often wondered at his endurance and zeal. That a task was

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disagreeable did not deter him in the least from undertaking it, and what he undertook he successfully carried through to the finish. He must have been very industrious while at the university, for it was there that he laid the foundation for the broad and comprehensive knowledge which is his to-day. He speaks, or at least understands, almost all the European languages; the history, past and current, of Europe is familiar to him in detail; he is conversant with American affairs, especially with those of the United States. On natural history he is regarded as an expert, and sometimes as an authority; and the scientific way in which he has written of his hunting trips has given to them uncommon attraction and value. It seems that every book which fell into his hands had such a fascination for him that he got from it without seeming effort everything of real worth.

Although he worked very hard in order to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, he enjoyed keenly rest and recreation. The idyllic little city of Cambridge is separated from Boston only by the Charles River, which is spanned by numerous bridges, so that the students of Harvard can easily partake of the social life of the metropolis of New England. Mr. Roosevelt, on account of his enthusiastic, impetuous nature and his good-humored indifference to the prejudices and old-fashioned customs of the quaint old place, was a welcome guest at the distinguished homes of Boston.

Over his classmates, Mr. Roosevelt exercised a great

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influence. On his advice, the jumping of a tight rope was revived, although the sport had been in disuse for years, for he called attention to the fact that by it the thigh muscles were strengthened in a high degree. On the playground, the boys were accustomed to wear red stockings, but Mr. Roosevelt had bought a pair with red and white stripes. When he appeared upon the field in them, there was a general shaking of the head—but he wore the socks just the same. In his opinion, the color of the stockings was of no consequence whatever, but the strength and activity of the legs within them was the all-important thing.

Into all the sports at Cambridge, he entered enthusiastically. He played polo and rowed; wrestled and boxed; sailed and hunted; and almost every afternoon drove in a high-wheeled cart which he had bought for his own use. He was especially fond of boxing, and met all comers small and large. When he was sorely punished by his adversary and when blood flowed freely and when his spectacles were knocked off, he still did not think of quitting. Stubbornly he would keep at it till both contestants were worn out or the match was declared off by those on the side-line. In such contests he was really at disadvantage, for he had to wear large, heavy glasses, which were easily knocked off, to say nothing of the breaking of the glasses and of his possible injury for life. He liked the excitement of the contest and did not once give a passing thought to the danger connected with it.

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With a frank and chivalrous spirit, he always took it for granted that every one wished to observe the rules of the game. A story is told to this effect. Soon after Roosevelt entered school, an adversary, with whom he was to try a match, struck him a body blow before the sign had been given to begin the fight, even before Roosevelt got his gloves on. A protest went up from the on-lookers, but Theodore only smiled in his grim way and said, "I believe that you are mistaken; that is n't the custom with us." Then he himself gave the sign for the opening of the fight, by bowing and shaking hands with his opponent. In the next moment his right hand crashed upon the chin of his adversary, his left hand followed it up, and in a few minutes the fight was over; and Roosevelt was the undisputed victor.

In this instance, he beat an adversary who had the reputation of an able boxer; but he was not always so successful. He really did not indulge in the sport for the sport's sake, but he entered it as a means of developing his own strength. He was not considered one of the best fighters of his class, which was the champion of the arena, but all knew that he was an opponent who was not to be despised. He was not averse to strenuous exercise, though he never carried it to the point of exhaustion. In this way, he was able to get all the enjoyment from the sport without any of the attendant evils.

Mr. Roosevelt had many other demands upon his

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time while at the university. Americans expect that an educated man shall be able to express himself, if not fluently, at least with intelligence and some degree of power. It is for this reason that a student is supposed to spend a great deal more time than is demanded by us in direct effort to acquire the art of public speaking. The numerous literary and debating societies and clubs offer abundant practice in oral expression. And every student of the university is a member of at least one such organization and frequently is connected with a half-dozen. Roosevelt had his share of these courses of the unwritten curriculum and did his part in them conscientiously. Though he was not considered a good speaker, he spoke whenever the occasion demanded and spoke flat-footed to the point.

To club life, he owed his first promptings to literary activities. In the last year at Harvard, he was associate editor of a university paper, *The Advocate*. The extent of his editorial work cannot be stated with exactness, but the article from which the following sentence is taken is surely from his pen: "What is most necessary is that every one should see the importance of doing a definite amount of honest and serious work every evening."

Since he found time on Sundays, in spite of his various activities, which he could not spend profitably, he tried to get to teach a class of children in a Sunday-school. The Roosevelt family had always belonged

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to the Dutch Reformed Church, and Mr. Roosevelt, who had died the year his son went to Cambridge, had seen to it that his children attended church regularly. Sometimes the sermons seemed long and tiresome, but nevertheless they did not dare to act against their father's wishes.

There was no Dutch Reformed church in Cambridge at the time, but numerous others of various faiths. The most of his friends belonged to the Episcopal Church, and without further ado, Roosevelt set to work as a Sabbath-school teacher. Frankly and seriously he talked with the boys and girls and showed them how a man should live, till an unforeseen event brought his work to a close.

One day a boy appeared in the class with a black eye. Mr. Roosevelt drew from him the particulars that he had endured a severe thrashing. It appeared that another boy had teased the boy's sister, that he had gone to her rescue in a heroic fashion, but that his opponent was too much for him and he came out of the scrap badly worsted. Mr. Roosevelt praised the boy for his bravery and nobility and gave him a dollar. Though this action seemed to the children to be one of the highest justice, the church officials did not look upon it in that way. They did not believe in praising a boy who had been fighting; they would have preferred to punish him themselves. They were not exactly in accord with the healthy Christianity which Roosevelt was teaching, and seized as a pretext to oust

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him that he was a member of another church. As Roosevelt was not acquainted with the creed of the church, he frequently had done things that offended those with whom he was laboring. When he was asked if he had any objections to the rules of the church, he very truthfully replied that he was willing to do anything that was demanded of him. But the gentlemen could not get over the fact that he was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and had praised a boy for fighting; and, with rather formal expressions of regret on the part of both, Mr. Roosevelt severed his connection with the Sunday-school and church. He went over to a near-by Congregational church and continued his teaching till he left the university.

The classmates of Mr. Roosevelt held him in high esteem. One has expressed the opinion of all of them as follows: "He has always been sincere; never did he try to deceive himself or others, but he made it a rule to speak openly what he thought." They admired and honored him for his sterling worth and his energetic manner of doing things. They remember with pleasure how he jumped from a second-story window in his night-gown in order to care for a horse which had become restless in its stall and had quieted the horse before his companions had reached the scene. They knew that falsehood, cowardice, and low instincts were entirely foreign to his nature, but that he was capable of an enthusiasm which they frequently attributed to a lack of self-control. When he accepted

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the plan of a friend to go to Greenland for the purpose of studying the animals there, or when he, in all seriousness, considered making the trip to India to hunt tigers with his brother Elliott, his friends thought him eccentric, although his preparations were made after calm reflection. His brother, who really made the trip, he has termed in his works, "a mighty hunter and truest friend."

After finishing his studies, Mr. Roosevelt married, Oct. 27, 1880, Alice, the daughter of George Cabot and Caroline Lee of Boston. On his wedding trip, he visited once more Germany and Switzerland, ascended the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, and was elected a member of the London Alps Club on account of his fearless mountain climbing. But he soon tired of the sport and returned to New York.

CHAPTER III

IN THE STREAM OF POLITICS

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt again set foot on American soil, he seemed more and more to drive toward the port in which so many educated and rich people anchor: the port of comfortable life, devoted to personal inclinations. He travelled, hunted deer and bear whenever an opportunity was given, and came to know pretty thoroughly the "Wild West." Nor did he at all avoid the allurements of the refined, social world.

But an inner desire drove him constantly to an active life. While he was still a student at Harvard, he was greatly attracted to James's "Naval History of Great Britain," especially the chapters dealing with the relation of England to the United States. It seemed strange to him at the time that James should have allowed certain errors to creep into his book on the subject of the War of 1812, and that he should not maintain at all times the judicial attitude of an unbiassed historian. The more closely he examined into the history of the times the more convinced he became that America had not received a square deal in James's account, that James was "a bitter and not

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over-conscientious author." On the other hand, he found in Cooper's "History of the United States Navy" the same shortcomings, with the exception that Cooper praised the Americans at the expense of the English. As the historical events of that period seemed to him to be worthy of a thorough, impartial investigation, he set himself to the task. During the two years following his graduation, he worked at his "Naval War of 1812"; the book appeared in 1882, and can be found to-day in the library of every American warship.

After his return from his wedding tour in Europe, Mr. Roosevelt had frequent conversations with his uncle, Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, who had accumulated quite a little wealth and who had devoted himself entirely to politics. He repeatedly urged Theodore to study law, he urged it as a duty which a young man owes to his country. At last, while they were on a hunting trip, his uncle succeeded in convincing him that he ought to enter the law. He therefore entered a law school and plunged with his old-time zeal into the science of law and politics.

Though thus far he had followed his uncle's advice, he had not the slightest inclination to make his uncle's political views his own. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt was an ardent Democrat, and tried to draw his nephew into that camp. Theodore's father and forefathers, as far as he could learn, had been staunch supporters of the Republican party, and he refused point blank to

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cast his fortunes with the Democrats. In the year 1881, he took part in his first political meeting. Up to this time he had gone around in an aimless sort of fashion, occupied with his historical writings, general study, and hunting; that night, at that Republican meeting, he found his life work. Many a one would have been disgusted with the unattractiveness of such a party convention; but Roosevelt saw in the mixed company there assembled, the foundation of free government, a mighty power, which, if properly directed, could be made productive of much good. For a young man of Roosevelt's high moral sense and courageous nature, it must have been very fascinating to imagine how, through his own efforts in behalf of the masses, the demagogues could be overthrown and victory brought to the people. Greater and greater became his interest in practical politics as the days went by and he saw more clearly the manifold evils which had crept into the administration of the affairs of state.

In this connection, it is interesting to recall the sentiments to which he later gave voice: *

"We have in this country an equality of rights. It is the plain duty of every man to see that his rights are respected. That weak good-nature which acquiesces in wrong-doing, whether from laziness, timidity, or indifference, is a very unwholesome quality. It should be second nature with every man to insist that he be given full justice. But if there is

* From "American Ideals," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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an equality of rights, there is an equality of duties. It is proper to demand more from the man with exceptional advantages than from the man without them. A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do their full duty by their country. On no class does this obligation rest more heavily than upon the men with a collegiate education, the men who are graduates of our universities. Their education gives them no right to feel the least superiority over any of their fellow-citizens; but it certainly ought to make them feel that they should stand foremost in the honorable effort to serve the whole public by doing their duty as Americans in the body politic. This obligation very possibly rests even more heavily upon the men of means; but of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have and never should have the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing-stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly apparent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the newspapers.

“To the great body of men who have had exceptional advantages in the way of educational facilities we have a right, then, to look for good service to the State. The service may be rendered in many different ways. In a reasonable number of cases, the man may himself rise to high political position. That men actually do so rise is shown by the number of graduates of Harvard, Yale, and our other universities who are now taking a prominent part in public life. These cases must necessarily, however, form but a small part of the whole. The enormous majority of our educated men have to make their own living, and are obliged to take up careers in which they must work heart and soul to succeed. Nevertheless, the man of business and the man of science, the doctor of divinity and the doctor of law, the architect, the engineer, and the writer, all alike owe a

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positive duty to the community, the neglect of which they cannot excuse on any plea of their private affairs. They are bound to follow understandingly the course of public events; they are bound to try to estimate and form judgment upon public men; and they are bound to act intelligently and effectively in support of the principles which they deem to be right and for the best interests of the country.

“ The most important thing for this class of educated men to realize is that they do not really form a class at all. I have used the word in default of another, but I have merely used it roughly to group together people who have had unusual opportunities of a certain kind. A large number of the people to whom these opportunities are offered fail to take advantage of them, and a very much larger number of those to whom they have not been offered succeed none the less in making them for themselves. An educated man must not go into politics as such; he must go in simply as an American; and when he is once in, he will speedily realize that he must work very hard indeed, or he will be upset by some other American, with no education at all, but with much natural capacity.

“ The first great lesson which the college graduate should learn is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. Criticism is necessary and useful; it is often indispensable; but it can never take the place of action, or be even a poor substitute for it. The function of the mere critic is of very subordinate usefulness. It is the doer of deeds who actually counts in the battle for life, and not the man who looks on and says how the fight ought to be fought, without himself sharing the stress and the danger.

“ Again, there is a certain tendency in college life, a tendency encouraged by some of the very papers referred to, to make educated men shrink from contact with the rough people who do the world's work, and associate only with one another and with those who think as they do. This

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is a most dangerous tendency. It is very agreeable to deceive one's self into the belief that one is performing the whole duty of man by sitting at home in ease, doing nothing wrong, and confining one's participation in politics to conversations and meetings with men who have had the same training and look at things in the same way. It is always a temptation to do this, because those who do nothing else often speak as if in some way they deserved credit for their attitude, and as if they stood above their brethren who plough the rough fields. Moreover, many people whose political work is done more or less after this fashion are very noble, and very sincere in their aims and aspirations, and are striving for what is best and most decent in public life.

"Nevertheless, this is a snare round which it behooves every young man to walk carefully. Let him beware of associating only with the people of his own caste and of his own little ways of political thought. Let him learn that he must deal with the mass of men; that he must go out and stand shoulder to shoulder with his friends of every rank, and face to face with his foes of every rank, and must bear himself well in the hurly-burly. He must not be frightened by the many unpleasant features of the contest, and he must not expect to have it all his own way, or to accomplish too much. He will meet with checks and will make many mistakes; but if he perseveres, he will achieve a measure of success and will do a measure of good such as is never possible to the refined, cultivated, intellectual men who shrink aside from the actual fray."

Many things worked together to force Mr. Roosevelt into a political career. Above all he longed for a definite, active employment, for a steady profession which would take up his whole time. He wished at the same time to render some service to his fellow citizens, and he saw in politics an opportunity for doing that. His

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young wife and his uncle did all in their power to increase his interest in politics, but it was a personal consideration that finally drove him into action. A short time ago in reply to a question of a friend, he said: "I entered politics because I wished to belong to the governing class, not to the governed." His mind was already in the proper condition when his friends asked him if he did not want to become a candidate for the legislature from the district of Murray Hill. The suggestion was all that was necessary and the fight was on at once in the Roosevelt fashion.

The political institutions of the United States are in many respects similar to those of Germany. Just as Germany has her Reichstag and her Bundesrat, the United States have a House of Representatives (386 members) and a Senate (90 members) which together they call Congress. The Prussian House of Representatives and House of Lords correspond respectively to the House of Representatives and the Senate of the forty-five States. The representatives of the State legislatures are elected by the people for a term of two years, sometimes for only one. It will be seen that the Senate differs from the Prussian House of Lords in that the members are also chosen by the people.

Mr. Roosevelt was, therefore, a candidate for the lower house of the General Assembly of New York. The district was in safe control of the Republican party, the leaders of which, not the voters, decided who should represent the district at Albany, the seat of

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the State government. They always chose men agreeable to themselves, men who would dance as they whistled. A man of the Roosevelt type, a man who had a mind of his own and who did not go to headquarters for his orders as to what he should do, did not suit them at all. Mr. Roosevelt had to fight from the first that powerful combination of office-seekers and easy-berth men who had fattened on the spoils of politics for years and were not inclined to step aside for a young upstart. But Roosevelt was not in the least dismayed by the opposition, but threw himself into the campaign with all the zeal of his fighting nature.

The people wanted a man who favored clean streets, and Roosevelt promised not only clean streets but clean politics as well. Even "Boss" Hess was compelled to acknowledge that Roosevelt was in the race as a candidate of the Republican party, and undertook the task of introducing him to the voters of the district.

But this fatherly good-will was not of long duration. In the first saloon which they entered, they were received very cordially by the owner, who believed, and gave expression to his belief, that Mr. Roosevelt would favor low liquor license; but Roosevelt happened to think a high license desirable, and so expressed himself in no mistakable terms to the owner. "Boss" Hess did not understand that way of losing votes; and, being convinced that Roosevelt would be defeated at the polls, he bade him good-bye and went home.

It soon became apparent, however, that Hess and his

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friends were mistaken. Mr. Roosevelt's plan met with general approval among the better class of people. His simple and yet enthusiastic speeches impressed men who otherwise cared little for politics, and when the election day came, there was presented in Murray Hill the rare spectacle of millionaires buying the votes of their coachmen and servants, and staid professors distributing ballots. People who had never spoken to each other before suddenly became neighbors and worked jointly for Roosevelt. And although, contrary to custom, he did not "treat" any one but trusted solely to the justness of his cause, Mr. Roosevelt, a young man of twenty-three years, was elected by a large majority.

Among the hundred and twenty-eight members of the House of Representatives, Mr. Roosevelt occupied from the first an important position. All professions and callings were represented there, from the lawyer, the merchant, and the farmer, down to the saloon-keeper, the prize-fighter, and the day-laborer. Though politics united them all, there was between Mr. Roosevelt and all these men a vast difference. Almost every one of them had taken upon himself some kind of obligation in order to secure his election; he had to represent the interests of those who had sent him to the legislature; that is, not the voters but the boss and the little group to which he owed his seat in the General Assembly. If he acted contrary to the orders of these men, who often cared nothing for the

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welfare of the State at large nor even for the people of the district, he was at once notified that he had no chance of reëlection. If he owed his election to the support of the railroad men, he must see that laws were enacted favorable to the great transportation companies. If he had run on a liquor platform, he must always work for the interests of the breweries, the needs of the State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Such trickery in legislation is made easy by the committee system, which is very popular in America. Every bill which comes before the house is sent to a committee after the first reading. If the bill is objectionable to any member, he makes a fight against it before the committee, which is not usually very careful to consider the merits of a proposed law, as their deliberations are secret. A large majority of the bills introduced die in the committee room, and many of them are introduced merely to satisfy the pledge of some member without any serious intent of making it a law. All laws designed to curb the power of corporations usually go that way. A clique can defeat objectionable legislation by a free use of money in the committee.

A member who has no particular interest in a bill is usually careful not to favor it, especially if any of his colleagues wish to have the motion buried. He rather takes calmly the bribe, which is given him more or less openly, and rests assured of similar support if his own interests are at stake. On the other hand, if

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a bill is to pass, it is reported back favorably to the house from the committee, and usually passes without a hitch, as a way has already been prepared for it. And so things go at Washington as well as at Albany, and in every one of the forty-five State legislatures. Everybody, or at least almost everybody, looks after the interest of his own favorites and forgets the welfare of the masses of the people.

But herein lay the difference between Mr. Roosevelt and the other members of that body at Albany. He belonged to the Republican party, but not to its bosses. He had been elected against the wishes of the czars of Murray Hill ; he owed his seat in the General Assembly of New York to no man nor combination of men. Not only did he go to Albany free from the taint of special interests, but he also showed himself inaccessible to corruption. He was not at all surprised at the depravity of the law-makers of the State, for he had learned before that corruption was rampant at the State capital ; but he set himself bravely against it and did all in his power to bring about a change.

Then, as now, he was optimistic. He believed that right and justice must in the end triumph, though they might be suppressed for a time. He was sensible enough, however, not to begin by pillorying the guilty ones and trying to bring them to justice himself, nor did he sit still and let things go on as they had done in the past ; but he tried to correct the evils by frankly

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and honestly advocating such laws as he believed would be beneficial to the entire State.

He was naturally, therefore, brought into conflict with his colleagues who were working in the old easy way, and before a week had passed, he had won general recognition. His fellow-members very quickly learned that Theodore Roosevelt did not know special interests and that he could not be made to know them by any form of bribe. It was no longer possible to table a motion in his committee at the dictation of some man higher up, for he defended it with incredible stubbornness and frequently brought the majority of the committee to his side. And bills that had been sent to the committee for decent burial often appeared again in the house full of life and vigor. Though his colleagues often wished him to the devil and sincerely longed for their old freedom to play the game of politics, his bold sense of honor made him feared and respected. When he flatly declared that the men who take bribes are thieves, many whose consciences pricked them sorely cheered him for fear of a public scandal.

Nor could laws that served private interests and were detrimental to the commonwealth pass so smoothly in the house as before. Mr. Roosevelt examined carefully every bill that was brought up and he often brought consternation into the hearts of those with special interests by his insistence upon a thorough examination of all questions. Although he was

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not regarded as a strong speaker, he spoke clearly and distinctly and left no doubt in the minds of those present as to what he meant. Since he was always in fighting trim and was ready with a reply to all questions, he was a dreaded opponent, and often succeeded in the house, as in the committee, in defeating pet measures of the men who were working for great corporations. One case in particular should be mentioned, as it created a great sensation at the time. A railroad had become so corrupt that the people demanded that something be done. A district attorney and a judge of the supreme court were implicated in the matter. The people were highly incensed, but the members of the legislature were for setting the petition aside; and had it not been for Mr. Roosevelt the motion would have been buried in accordance with the time-honored custom.

Mr. Roosevelt had studied the question thoroughly. He wondered how bribery could obtain with judicial officials. The unquestionable integrity of judges was to him the pillar of society. He, therefore, asked the older representatives of his party what was to be done about the matter, and to his astonishment they replied that nothing could be done. They were for letting a judge at whom the people pointed the finger of scorn continue his dishonest practices unpunished.

This was too much for Mr. Roosevelt, and he introduced a resolution himself. His colleagues were indignant, but he did not hesitate. They appealed to

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him to give up such a foolish thing; they said that he could do no good and that it would all react upon him. He would himself be the one to suffer. It was in this way that men who had grown gray in legislative work, and whom experience should have made wise, met the advances of the young reformer. If we examine the matter closely, we shall doubtless reach the conclusion that these men favored rather than opposed the corruption against which Roosevelt was fighting in the General Assembly of New York.

But Mr. Roosevelt had no fears, or at least he showed none. He once said that in a case in which he was doubtful what he should do, he would follow the motto: "Forward!" He acted accordingly in this instance. A newspaper gave the following account:

"It was April 6, 1882, that young Roosevelt arose and moved that Judge Westbrook be impeached. As to mere moral courage, this, no doubt, is the greatest deed in Roosevelt's life. He should have expected failure. Even his youth, his idealism, and lack of experience with public affairs could not have blinded him to the inevitable consequences. But he drew his sword and ran to his ruin — alone and at the very beginning of his career, not heeding the warnings of his nearest friends and the simple rules of political sagacity.

"That speech, the decisive deed in Roosevelt's life, is notable not on account of its splendor of form but on account of the fearless honesty of the sentiments expressed. Regardless of their millions, he called thieves thieves. In scathing terms, he arraigned the judge and the district attorney for their part in the nefarious transaction. With righteous indignation, he told the whole truth as his unwilling eyes saw it. And when he had

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finished, the leader of the Republican party, whose hair had grown gray with experience, rose and moved that the motion be laid on the table. He added that he wished to give young Roosevelt time to reflect upon the wisdom of his action. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many honorable gentlemen go down on account of irresponsible accusations brought forth in the legislature.' The house at once gave Mr. Roosevelt time for reflection by promptly voting down his motion. Mockery, laughter, noisy cheerfulness — apparently everything — were over except the consequences to the haughty youth who had dared to condemn in public a great railroad company.

"It was a most discouraging defeat. Almost all of the members who voted with him were Democrats; perhaps half of his supporters were with him only because their votes were not needed against him. In the evening he was again told to be reasonable, 'to consider his future, to stop hurting his party.' He bit his lips and defied the leaders of the party.

"On the following day, he raised again his insignificant voice against the smiling, insolent corruption. Day after day he remained in the hall and interviewed representatives of the press. Here and there a newspaper stood up for him, and soon representatives from all parts of the State began to receive letters from their constituents. Within a week Roosevelt's name was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and everywhere the people applauded him. On the eighth day, a vote was once more taken upon his motion to prefer charges; and as the representatives saw the eyes of the whole State turned upon them, they did not dare to defend longer a judge who was afraid to demand an investigation. The opposition broke down; Roosevelt won by a vote of 104 to 6."

Though in certain respects the good results were not proportionate to the efforts put forth, yet Roosevelt achieved a great moral victory. If the men did escape punishment on account of the committee's white-

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washing the matter, he had at least aroused public indignation against open corruption and had compelled his colleagues to recognize the existence of evil. That he did not increase his own popularity with his colleagues and with the great corporations is evident. They feared him because they saw that he would use all the power of his resourceful nature to bring about what he considered right and for the interest of the State.

It was hinted in political headquarters that he could not be reëlected on account of the stand he had taken, but again the wise-acres were mistaken. Mr. Roosevelt had turned the eyes of his constituents upon himself, and they heartily approved his course. He was reëlected in 1882 and again in 1883. He was received at Albany with open arms by his colleagues, because he had become a man with a name, but they had to submit to being watched closely by their junior associate.

Be it said, however, to the credit of the assembly that not all the representatives were corrupt. Quite a number of them were men of honor, but they lacked the courage to stand for what they knew to be right in the face of the taunts and laughter of the crowd. The more clearly they saw that Mr. Roosevelt fought for the welfare of the country without any thought of himself the more firmly they stood by him, for they were not long in perceiving that he was a leader who could be trusted.

By the help of these men, Mr. Roosevelt succeeded

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in forcing through the legislature several laws which meant progress in morality and efficiency in governmental affairs. One in particular is worthy of notice here. It provided that henceforth official positions should not be given out as rewards for political services but should be conferred according to merit without regard to party affiliation. Another law ordered an inquiry into existing offices to ascertain whether there were more offices than the needs of the State demanded; and it was found that millions of dollars were being paid out to men who were rendering no service for it at all. Still another law proposed by him took from the aldermen all executive power and placed it in the hands of the mayor. This law proved of momentous importance to Mr. Roosevelt himself later.

The fierceness of the fight which Mr. Roosevelt made in the legislature can best be understood by calling to mind the character of the representatives. The members from the country districts were generally honest but uneducated, and frequently played into the hands of their worst enemy. Those from the cities were more intelligent but also more corrupt; their moral standard was low, their ideals purely mercenary. To them Mr. Roosevelt was a fool. They could not understand why he did not fill his pockets as they were doing and let things move on in the old easy way. But if he would have his "foolish notions," they determined that he should not interfere with their business.

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As they could not oppose him openly, they finally resorted to the cowardly method of rakes.

Mr. Roosevelt has the happy faculty of being able to separate the politician from the private man in his own person. Even if he had fought a man all day on the floor of the house, he could meet him in the evening with a smile and a jesting remark. He often took part, although he was not a drinker, at social functions of his colleagues. One evening, after a particularly hard day against corruption, he was in the circle of his co-laborers. At ten o'clock, he arose to go home. At the door he was met, as if on purpose, by some young fellows who had had too much of the good things of the hour, and among them was a well-known rowdy named Collins. As Roosevelt went out, he received a violent shove; and he perceived at once that he was waylaid.

The next moment Collins stepped up to him and demanded in the most impudent manner, "Why do you push me?" He was on the point of striking Mr. Roosevelt, but unfortunately his accomplices had forgotten to tell him that Roosevelt was a skilled boxer at the university and was at home in a fist fight. Roosevelt took a position so that he had his opponent and his colleagues of the legislature in front of him, and made ready for the combat. In a half minute Collins was beaten, and the fellows who came to his assistance were picking themselves up from the floor, wondering if they had not tackled the wrong man. He then

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turned laughingly to the members of the legislature and told them that he well understood the part they had in the affair and thanked them for affording him so much pleasure. The self-restraint shown by Mr. Roosevelt at this time won him additional friends.

Though the constant opposition and endless disappointment in the legislature was enough to embitter almost any one, Mr. Roosevelt was proof against it all, and maintained his old-time buoyant spirit. Just as the attorney rejoices when he succeeds in disentangling the web of crime and intrigue, so Mr. Roosevelt delighted to tear to pieces the nets of human malice and sin.

At one time when a thoroughly sensible bill came before the committee to which Mr. Roosevelt belonged, the majority of the members were for holding up the measure until they were paid to let it pass. Mr. Roosevelt favored the motion and insisted that not a penny should be paid for its passage. It appeared that three of the members were under the influence of other statesmen as unprincipled as themselves; one was the tool of a politician in a far-away city; and the fifth was a Democrat who had sold himself to a Republican official, and the sixth worked for the president of a street car company. Roosevelt communicated with the official and the president of the street car company; and in a very few days, two of the members of the committee had a sudden and a radical change of views on the subject of the bill under consideration.

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Many of the representatives were men of limited education, and they would frequently talk the silliest twaddle with the most serious air. Some of their mistakes are really amusing. A story is told to this effect: A representative from the back country heard the word *shibboleth* used but did not know its meaning. He took it to be the more polite form of *shillalah*, which is well known to all. In a speech upon the floor of the house, he very calmly used the word as follows: "The mistake of the young man lies in his using the word *parsimony* as a *shibboleth* with which to beat the laboring men."

In 1882 serious differences arose in the ranks of the Democratic party and a break in the party seemed imminent. After a long and fruitless attempt to restore peace, one wing of the party sent to the other a proposition, which bore the ominous title *Ultimatum*. The word looked like Latin; it was extraordinary and therefore suspicious and apparently contained an offence. Now the men to whom the document was addressed knew very little English and less Latin. One of the men, however, had picked up somewhere the words, *Ipse dixit*. That sounded perfectly splendid, and the reply that went back bore the strange title, *An Ipse dixit to your Ultimatum*.

The back-woods people, as well as the less educated inhabitants outside of the large cities, are in the habit of calling everything that is not American *Dutch*. One of the representatives favored a tax upon works

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of art, and expressed his regrets that American art was considered inferior to Dutch paintings from Italy. The boldness of his geographical knowledge astounded everybody.

Among the representatives with flexible consciences certain forms of expression had grown up. All measures in which they were interested were called "vital bills"; those, however, that did not bring them any money were designated as "local bills." Once Mr. Roosevelt came into the hall just as a vote was being taken. He asked his neighbor on the right what bill was before the house. "Oh, it is only a local bill — an amendment to the constitution."

The chairman of the committee on which Mr. Roosevelt served was a conceited, good-natured colonel somewhat addicted to drink. Mr. Roosevelt has described in his own dramatic style many amusing characteristics of the man. In that committee, which consisted almost exclusively of disagreeable men, a bill was once under discussion, which provided that laborers on public bridges should receive three dollars per day. The workingmen were naturally interested in the bill and asked to appear before the committee, and their request was granted.

On the day appointed for the hearing, the colonel appeared in a condition of such terrible dignity that it was clear to those who knew him that he had been engaged in a drinking bout till a late hour. He seated himself at the upper end of the table, facing the mem-

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bers of the delegation, who would have done honor to the rogues' gallery. The first speaker was a professional politician, a shrewd fellow with black mustache. He had never done any work in his life; but he was blessed with a superabundance of self-confidence, and began with an ingratiating smile:

“Humble as I am ——”

But he got no further, for he was startled out of his composure by the violent raps of the chairman.

Chairman (with great dignity): “What did you say that you are, sir?”

Politician (quite dumfounded): “I—I said I am humble, sir.”

Chairman (reproachfully): “Are you an American citizen?”

Politician: “Yes!”

Chairman (impressively): “Then you are equal to every man in this State. Then you are equal to every man on this committee. Don't let me hear you again call yourself humble. Continue.”

Thus warned, the man took up his story once more, and got along pretty well till he let these words slip out: “But the poor fellow has no friends,” which again raised the colonel's ire. In rage he fixed his eyes upon the offender and asked slowly: “What did you say just now, sir?”

Politician (in despair): “I said that the poor fellow has no friends.”

Chairman: “You lie, sir. I am a friend of the man,

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and so are my colleagues. Speak the truth, sir. [Suddenly changing from the exhorting to the commanding tone.] Sit down quickly or get out."

The next man called was a big fellow of different type. He tried to answer questions put to him in a natural tone, but when he spoke of the injustices under which the laboring men were placed, he roared like a bull. The colonel moved restlessly in his chair, and darted angry glances at the speaker. The first part of his story, however, had a rather soothing effect and the colonel fell asleep. But as the man warmed to his subject, he spoke quite vehemently. The colonel awoke with a start, looked around him, saw the speaker and remembered that he had seen him before, but evidently forgot that he had been asleep and, therefore, thought that he had seen the man on a previous day.

"I have seen you before," he thundered.

"You have not," the man replied.

"Don't tell me a lie," snapped the colonel. "You have spoken to this committee on another day."

"I did not — " began the man.

But the colonel interrupted him. "Sit down, sir! The dignity of the chair must be upheld. No one shall speak twice to this committee. The meeting is adjourned." With this he left the room with a majestic step, while the other members of the committee and the delegation of working men looked at each other dumfounded.

The men among whom Mr. Roosevelt gained his first

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knowledge of political life and with whom he worked for three years were on the whole genial. His experience in the legislature was of great value to him. He became acquainted with men in public life and learned by what motives the great mass of them are actuated. He also gained a higher respect for his own ability, and won himself a name by his resolute, energetic fight for the people against organized corruption. Even at that time, the people of New York considered him a man to whom the words of Lord Beaconsfield might be applied: "He had letters for posterity in his pockets."

A proof of the confidence which the citizens of New York had in the young Roosevelt of twenty-six years is found in the fact that he was sent, without instructions, to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1884. A candidate for the presidency was to be nominated. James G. Blaine seemed to have the best chances of being the choice of the party; but there was among the people a strong sentiment against him, for it was understood that he was opposed to certain reforms which the people were crying for. The "spoils system" had produced so much corruption in politics that there was a demand for the merit system. It was the wish of many people that the man to be selected as standard-bearer of the Republican party should declare himself in favor of civil service reform. Mr. Roosevelt advocated such a course with great fervor. But if he did not vote for

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the choice of the majority of his party, he might be regarded as unfaithful to the principles for which the Republican party stood. Long before, he had said, "I do not count attachment to the party among the ten commandments." He, therefore, sought among the Republican statesmen one whose views on the spoils system were in harmony with his own, and proposed the name of Senator Edmunds. Blaine, however, was nominated.

But fate plays strange tricks. The Democrats nominated Grover Cleveland of New York, a friend of Mr. Roosevelt and an advocate of the merit system, who was elected at the polls in November.

The year 1884 was a sorrowful one for Mr. Roosevelt. While the various political fights, in which he was very active, were still raging, his young wife died, and he was left alone with a baby girl, Alice. The same week death claimed his mother. The blow fell heavily upon his already weakened health. He gave up further political activity, and retired to private life. He longed to get away from the places that were so full of memories of happier days. His old-time passion for nature returned to him. He wished to be alone with nature and nature's God. He tried to find peace in changed occupation. He bought a farm, Elkhorn and Chimney Butte, near the border village of Medora, North Dakota, on the Little Missouri. It was his intention to engage in breeding cattle in a region where the foot of man had seldom trod.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE WILD WEST

THE reason why Mr. Roosevelt became a breeder of cattle upon the Western prairies was not, as has often been said, to better his financial condition. It is quite certain that he did very little business and even lost money in what he did do. He became a ranchman for no other reason than to recover from the shock occasioned by the deaths of his wife and mother. Incidental to that was a longing for adventure, which he had inherited from his father, and a desire to know at first hand the Far West. Though he built, in the style of the frontier, a log house on the Little Missouri, he did not sever his connection with the busy world in which he had formerly lived. He had a small but well-selected library, and the postman from Medora brought him every two weeks letters, newspapers, and books. Often he received as visitors people with whom he had been associated in New York. He was thus able to keep in close touch with what was going on in the country, and especially in his native State and city. As he could not read all the time, he felt the need of some occupation that would demand his entire attention. In those wild regions, far from railroads and other accompaniments of civili-

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zation, there are few callings to select from, and, from necessity, Mr. Roosevelt turned to the raising of cattle.

Cattle breeding in those days was a simple process. The pasture was the wild prairies which the ranchmen held in common. They knew their cattle by the brand which they burned into the yearling calves. The cattle were practically without restraint and went where they would in search of food. Summer and Winter they fought against hunger, beasts of prey, and the rigor of the Western blizzard. The supervision of the herds was in the hands of the cowboys, who cared for them in the rough manner of the plains. If an animal fell into a morass, they dragged him out by the horns by means of a lasso tied to the saddle. They killed or chased away, when they found them, the bears and cougars that looked to the herds for a food supply. The busy seasons for the cowboys were in the Spring and the Fall when the general round-ups took place. All the cattle were driven in at that time in the Spring for the purpose of counting and branding and in the Autumn to select those that were ready for the market. The round-ups lasted for weeks and were trying on men and horses. Mr. Roosevelt thoroughly enjoyed the excitement and hard work of the period, and rode side by side as a friend and equal with the native rangers. In his "The Wilderness Hunter,"* Mr.

* "The Wilderness Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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Roosevelt presents the following description of the round-up:

"Before noon the circle riders began to appear on the plain, coming out of the ravines, and scrambling down the steep hills, singly or in twos and threes. They herded before them bunches of cattle of varying size; these were driven together and left in charge of a couple of cow-punchers. The other men rode to the wagon to get a hasty dinner — lithe, sinewy fellows with weather-roughened faces and fearless eyes; their broad felt hats flapped as they galloped, and their spurs and bridle chains jingled. They rode well, with long stirrups, sitting straight in the deep stock saddles, and their wiry ponies showed no signs of fatigue from the long morning's ride.

"The horse-wrangler soon drove the saddle band to the wagons, where it was caught in a quickly improvised rope-corral. The men roped fresh horses, fitted for the cutting work round the herd, with its attendant furious galloping and flash-like turning and twisting. In a few minutes all were in the saddle again and riding towards the cattle.

"Then began that scene of excitement and turmoil, and seeming confusion, but real method and orderliness, so familiar to all who have engaged in stock-growing on the great plains. The riders gathered in a wide ring round the herd of uneasy cattle, and a couple of men rode into their midst to cut out the beef steers and the cows that were followed by unbranded calves. As soon as the animal was picked out, the cowboys began to drive it slowly towards the outside of the herd, and when it was near the edge, he suddenly raced it into the open. The beast would then start at full speed and try to double back among its fellows, while the trained cow-pony followed like a shadow, heading it off at every turn. The riders round that part of the herd opened out and the chosen animal was speedily hurried off to some spot a few hundred yards distant, where it was left under charge of another cowboy. The latter at first had his hands full in preventing his charge from rejoining the herd, for cattle dread

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nothing so much as being separated from their comrades. However, as soon as two or three others were driven out, enough to form a little bunch, it became a much easier matter to hold the 'cut' as it is called. The cows and calves were put in one place, the beeves in another; the latter were afterwards run into the day-herd.

"Meanwhile from time to time some clean-limbed young steer or heifer, able to run like an antelope and double like a jack-rabbit, tried to break out of the herd that was being worked, when the nearest cowboy hurried in pursuit at top speed and brought it back after a headlong, break-neck race, in which no heed was paid to brush, fallen timber, prairie-dog holes or cut banks. The dust rose in little whirling clouds, and through it dashed bolting cattle and galloping cowboys hither and thither, while the air was filled with the shouts and laughter of men and the bellowing of the herd.

"As soon as the herd was worked, it was turned loose, while the cows and calves were driven over to a large corral where the branding was done. A fire was speedily kindled, and in it were laid the branding irons of the different outfits represented on the round-up. Then two of the best ropers rode into the corral and began to rope the calves, round the hind leg by preference, but sometimes round the head. The other men dismounted to 'wrestle' and to brand them. Once roped, the calf, bawling and struggling, was swiftly dragged near the fire, where one or two of the calf-wrestlers grappled with and threw the kicking, plunging little beast, and held it while it was branded. If the calf was large, the wrestlers had hard work; and one or two young maverick bulls — that is, unbranded yearling bulls, which had been passed by in the round-ups of the preceding year — fought viciously, bellowing and charging, and driving some of the men up the sides of the corral, to the boisterous delight of the others."

The cowboys, with whom Roosevelt was thrown continually, are a peculiar type of men. They belong, one

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might say, to the past, for with the growing population of the West and the breaking up of the land into small farms, the cowboys disappear. The immense ranges of the seventies and eighties shrink more and more each year, and the conditions that made the cowboys are rapidly passing away. They were bold, fearless, almost wild fellows, whose home was in the saddle. Their horses and their revolvers were their constant companions. For weeks or even months, from morning till night, they rode over wild, uninhabited stretches of country. There was no talk of an eight-hour work-day with them. They were glad if they could get their feet upon the ground after sixteen hours of riding that would have taxed the strength of a knight of old.

As they had to deal with animals, they easily became rough and coarse in thought and speech. The jokes and the games with which they broke the tedium of the evening hour were of the crudest type. They were without refinement that comes from contact with women of high moral standards. They lived among men, strong, healthy men who knew not the name of fear and who looked upon a coward with contempt as the legitimate butt of all their jokes. When weary from the strain of long days of toil, they occasionally took a holiday, on which they went to the nearest town and indulged in drinking and other forms of intemperance. It was seldom that they returned home till the last penny was spent. Under the power of liquor,

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their better nature was suppressed; they became quarrelsome, and on the plains quarrels usually ended in a fight in which revolvers played a leading part. A favorite sport when they "were taking in a town" was to single out some man and make him dance by shooting at his feet; and, of course, when they tried the trick on a man who was not given to dancing in that way trouble ensued. If things had not been exciting enough for them in town, they frequently aroused the countryside by shooting into the houses as they passed on their way home.

That they were committing crimes never once disturbed their minds. When they thought of the law at all, it was of an inconvenient thing made to be broken. They rather gloried in being called "tough" and delighted in running counter to the conventionalities of civilized life. They wished to be as free as their own broad prairies and chafed even under the mild restraint that a frontier town would put upon them. They were not at all conscience-smitten when they killed an adversary in a fight. They considered that he had played the game and lost, and that was all there was to it. When one of their number became a member of a robber gang, they were not surprised, but set about to capture him with all the zeal with which they undertook any other exciting task, though they well knew that some one would be killed in the attempt. They toyed with death daily till they lost all fear of it.

But even these rough cowboys of the plains had a

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certain code of morals, which it was death to violate. They never forgave, for instance, the treachery of a friend nor the cowardly act of any one. They scorned to take advantage of any man, and he who was guilty of such a thing was hunted to death with the same dire vengeance which never failed to pursue the horse-thief. The cowboys had in their veins something of the blood of the old Northmen, and in many respects are like the backwoodsmen who opened the great West to civilization. Death was always skulking near them ready to pounce upon them at any moment. He was in the driving snows of Winter through which they had to push their way, in the turbulent rivers which they had to cross, on the fierce broncos and fiercer bulls with which they had to deal. The woods through which they had to pass were the ancient home of the grizzly bear, which resented the encroachments of man upon his estate. The Indians were not always friendly, and on account of tempests and treacherous streams, savage beast and still more savage men, the cowboys carried their lives in their hands. The stern environment in which they were placed taught them the heroic virtue of self-reliance in a high degree. They felt themselves masters of their destiny, and they were.

Such rough, yet strong and true companions were naturally attractive to Mr. Roosevelt. He knew fear no more than they and entered with zest into their bold, hazardous adventures, of which neck-breaking riding formed no small part. For that reason, they

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treated him with the rude, though genuine, courtesy of the plains. He shared with them as far as possible their joys and their sorrows, and many among them became his true friends. They felt honored when he appeared at their dinners, opened the cowball at Medora and danced with their wives.

Only once during the years which he spent in the West was he shot at with malicious intent, and then not by a cowboy but by a scoundrel of the lowest caste. While on an excursion, Mr. Roosevelt had to stay over night at a hotel, the first floor of which was given over entirely to a bar-room; and every one, whether drunk or sober, had to sit in that room. Mr. Roosevelt sat down in a corner and read a newspaper. After a while, a fellow approached him with two revolvers in his hands and demanded that Roosevelt treat the crowd. He had already frightened the other guests by his threats, and did not like the indifference with which the man with spectacles, or "specs," as he said, regarded what went on around him. In order to make his demand more impressive, he let his revolver talk. Roosevelt pretended to yield to the inevitable and arose; but the next moment he hurled the fellow against the wall, and the next, to the floor, while both revolvers were discharged harmlessly into the air. When the fellow came to himself again, he saw the man with the "four eyes" kneeling over him. Roosevelt punched him in the face till he pleaded for mercy and gave up his weapons. The onlookers, sheep breeders

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in the main and farmers, glad to be rid of such a fellow, nodded approvingly and said, "It serves him right." And Roosevelt went to bed without further trouble.

After that incident was noised abroad, as it soon was, no one felt like needlessly provoking him to a quarrel. The hard, rough life to which he was continually exposed had made him, frail from intellectual work, into a healthy, broad-shouldered man, capable of holding his own with the best of them. The Wild West gave to the semi-invalid the strength and robustness which the president possesses to-day.

The extensive woods and broad prairies offered further and splendid opportunity to Mr. Roosevelt to indulge in the favorite sport of his younger years. He hunted deer of many varieties, among them the prongbuck, that like the African antelope dots the prairies; and the moose, similar to the elk of the old German woods. For days he climbed the steep cliffs and crossed dizzy abysses on the trail of mountain sheep and white goat; he fought many a hard battle with the black bear and with his far more dangerous brother, the grizzly; unexpectedly he fell upon the cougar, that secret robber that knows how to escape the eyes of the hunter so that one sees him only by chance. Often he strolled through the deep, dark woods without companion and did not return to his farm for days; he feared no danger, heeded no hardship, and rested not till he had killed the game that he sought.

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How narrow his escapes at times, his description of hunting the grizzly will show:*

“ However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on, I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnic berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on a mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

“ For a half mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow, shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodge-pole pines, which on the ridges grew close together, with tall slender trunks, while in the valley the growth was more open. Though the sun was behind the mountain, there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

“ At last, as I was thinking of turning towards camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me and I fired into his flank, the bullet as I afterwards found ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet, he reached a laurel thicket some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which

* From “The Wilderness Hunter,” by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York and London.

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he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hillside, a little above. He turned his head stiffly towards me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

“I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so, his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.”

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But Mr. Roosevelt bore the hardships of frontier life not only without complaining but even with pleasure. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, the loneliness of plains and the roughness of camp life did not mar his buoyant spirit. He retained his love for nature and boyish interest in the chase, though in hunting he was often at disadvantage, for at times, after he had run hard and long, at the critical moment his eyeglasses became dim, so that his prey escaped him.

The weather itself is a factor to be reckoned with on the plains. The cold at times is something fearful, and the men who worked or hunted in those regions faced most difficult conditions. Mr. Roosevelt himself returned home one moonlight night when the mercury shrank to twenty-six degrees below zero. When he reached his cabin, both knees and one hand were frozen. In the worst weather, he frequently slept outside in a light tent, for his work was such that he had to spend the night where darkness found him.

Once in the middle of Winter, he was on his way, in the company of a friend, to Yellowstone Park. In the evening, they selected a place for the camp, tied the horses and prepared their supper.

In "The Wilderness Hunter" * Mr. Roosevelt says:

"The wind had gone down, and snow was falling thick in large, soft flakes; we were evidently at the beginning of a

* "The Wilderness Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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heavy snowstorm. All night we slept soundly in our snug tent. When we arose at dawn there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, and the flakes were falling as fast as ever. There is no more tedious work than striking camp in bad weather; and it was over two hours from the time we rose to the time we started. It is sheer misery to untangle picket-lines and to pack animals when the ropes are frozen; and by the time we had loaded the two shivering, wincing pack-ponies, and had bridled and saddled our own riding-animals, our hands and feet were numb and stiff with cold, though we were really hampered by our warm clothing. My horse was a wild, nervous roan, and as I swung carelessly into the saddle, he suddenly began to buck before I got my right leg over, and threw me off. My thumb was put out of joint. I pulled it in again, and speedily caught my horse in the dead timber. Then I treated him as what the cowboys call a 'mean horse,' and mounted him carefully, so as not to let him either buck or go over backward. However, his preliminary success had inspirited him, and a dozen times that day he began to buck, usually choosing a down grade, where the snow was deep, and there was much fallen timber."

Mr. Roosevelt's conception of hunting is different from that of most other men. Never has he gone long distances for game, but he has shot the wild animals if they furnished a particularly beautiful trophy, or if his camp was in need of food. He who shoots down indiscriminately everything that comes before his gun, is, in his opinion, no hunter, but a butcher. If hunting is done in moderation, the numerical strength of the wild animals hardly suffers from it; if it degenerates into butchery, the animals disappear in a very short time, especially the ones that are the most

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attractive to the eye of the hunter, the buffalo for example. Much as Mr. Roosevelt enjoys hunting, no one deploras more than he the rapid disappearance of American game, and he recommends the establishment of some State and National Parks in which the wild animals shall remain unmolested, and the settlement of such territory shall be strictly forbidden.

Mr. Roosevelt's humane conception of the sport arises from the fact that he does not practise hunting as an end but as a means to an end. To him it is a desirable sport because it serves to develop the strength of the body. The purpose in hunting should not be to kill as many animals as possible, but to harden one's power of endurance and sharpen one's faculties. In this respect hunting is the best preparatory school for the soldier: it gives him a keen eye, an alert ear and a steady hand. In bear-fighting, the hunter can always show courage and daring, a wolf-hunt requires good horsemanship, and the pursuit of the mountain goat calls for unremitting climbing. Though other sports benefit, as a rule, only some particular part of the body, hunting develops the whole man, and for this reason Roosevelt considers it a most noble sport.

But even this is not enough. According to Roosevelt, a hunter must enjoy the silent communion with the things of the vegetable world no less than the more exciting contact with the wily members of the animal kingdom. His heart must rejoice at beholding the immense trees, centuries old, pointing their aged arms

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heavenward; he must be able to walk with reverence beneath their mighty boughs, on the soft, green carpet of moss; nor must that reverence grow less when the forest is robed in its garments of Winter—when ice and snow lie heavy upon the frozen landscape and the cold moonbeams touch to liquid silver every cliff and tree. He should feel his heart beat fast with joy at the sight of the foaming torrent rushing in lordly grandeur down the mountain side, and be inspired to see the rays of the setting sun rest with caressing tenderness on the bald brow of the topmost peak. He must take delight in watching the bear earn his food by his own earnest efforts, as he tears up the earth in search of tender roots and overturns stumps of trees in quest of young squirrels; or watch from a safe distance the deadly battle of two Wapiti bulls or peer unobserved into the lair of the young of the springbuck.

Even while Mr. Roosevelt was upon the plains, he was a good judge of birds. Just as now he is glad that a great variety of songsters have built their nests around the White House, so then he listened, soothed, the whole night through, to the mocking-bird of the Far West which sang on his window ledge.

The region of the Little Missouri, where Mr. Roosevelt had settled, had been bought only a few years before from the Sioux. The older settlers of the neighborhood could tell of many encounters with the red-skins, and Mr. Roosevelt himself frequently came in contact with them. In his "Ranch Life and the

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Hunting Trail,"* he tells of one of these encounters which might have had more serious consequences.

"My only adventure with Indians was of a very mild kind. It was in the course of a solitary trip to the north and east of our range, to what was then practically unknown country, although now containing many herds of cattle. One morning I had been travelling along the edge of the prairie, and about noon I rode up a slight rise and came out on a plateau that was perhaps half a mile broad. When near the middle, four or five Indians suddenly came up over the edge, directly in front of me. The second they saw me they whipped their guns out of their slings, started their horses into a run, and came on at full tilt, whooping and brandishing their weapons. I instantly reined up and dismounted. The level plain where we were was of all places the one on which such an onslaught could best be met. In any broken country, or where there is much cover, a white man is at a great disadvantage if pitted against such adepts in the art of hiding as Indians; while, on the other hand, the latter will rarely rush in on a foe who, even if overpowered in the end, will probably inflict severe loss on his assailants. The fury of an Indian charge, and the whoops by which it is accompanied, often scare horses so as to stampede them; but in Manitou I had perfect trust, and the old fellow stood as steady as a rock, merely cocking his ears and looking round at the noise. I waited until the Indians were a hundred yards off, and then threw up my rifle and drew a bead on the foremost. The effect was like magic. The whole party scattered out as wild pigeons or teal ducks sometimes do when shot at, and doubled back on their tracks, the men bending over alongside their horses. When some distance off, they halted and gathered together to con-

* "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright The Century Co., New York.

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sult, and after a minute one came forward alone, ostentatiously dropping his rifle and waving a blanket over his head. When he came to within fifty yards I stopped him, and he pulled out a piece of paper — all Indians, when absent from their reservations, are supposed to carry passes — and called out, ‘How! Me good Indian!’ I answered ‘How!’ and assured him most sincerely that I was very glad that he *was* a good Indian, but I would not let him come closer; and when his companions began to draw near, I covered him with my rifle and made him move off, which he did with a sudden lapse into the most canonical Anglo-Saxon profanity. I then started to lead my horse out to the prairie; and after hovering around a short time they rode off, while I followed suit, but in the opposite direction. It had all passed too quickly for me to have time to get frightened; but during the rest of my ride I was exceedingly uneasy, and pushed tough, speedy old Manitou along at a rapid rate, keeping well out on the level. However, I never saw the Indians again. They may not have intended any mischief beyond giving me a fright, but I did not dare to let them come to close quarters, for they would probably have taken my horse and rifle, and not impossibly my scalp as well. Towards nightfall I fell in with two old trappers who lived near Killdeer Mountains, and they informed me that my assailants were some young Sioux bucks, at whose hands they themselves had just suffered the loss of two horses.”

In such cases, Mr. Roosevelt, as others who had made their homes in the wild regions, was dependent upon himself solely. The robbers and horse-thieves who stripped the wanderer and plundered the lonely farms were not all Indians by any means. There were many shiftless white men who preferred this way of getting a living to honest work. As soon, therefore, as

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the settlers became numerous enough, they instituted a kind of police-system of their own, and those who officiated were called "stranglers," because they used summary measures when they captured a criminal and dragged him to the nearest tree. A short time before Roosevelt moved upon his claim, this police-system had been very active; about sixty evil-doers, and among them many innocent persons, had been shot or hanged. There was a sheriff in the country, but the territory over which he had to stand guard was so large that before he could reach the place of trouble, the people had generally meted out punishment themselves or had suffered for their own aggressions.

Once the robbers paid a visit to the Roosevelt ranch, and stole among other things the boat with which he was accustomed to cross the Little Missouri. For apparent reasons, it was assumed that the deed had been perpetrated by three daring fellows who had been under suspicion in the neighborhood for some time, and of whom the people wished to be rid. Inasmuch as an unpunished theft invites a new one, Mr. Roosevelt determined to follow them up without delay.

But to do that was not easy. It was winter and very cold. Furthermore, as the robbers had taken away the only boat at hand, a new one had to be built. In a short time, however, the boat was ready, and Mr. Roosevelt with two of his most faithful cowboys entered it. All were well armed and warmly clothed. They also provided themselves with the necessary

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food, which could be supplemented from time to time from the game that crossed their pathway.

On the afternoon of the third day, they saw the stolen property on the shore. There was also a smaller boat near and a little distance from the shore a smoke could be seen. Cautiously they turned their course to the bank of the river. As soon as the boat touched land, Roosevelt leaped ashore and stepped forward a few paces in order to protect his companions who had to tie the boat first. When the boat was securely fastened, they all three approached the fire. The only man present, a German, surrendered without opposition.

Leaving one of the cowboys with the prisoner, Mr. Roosevelt with the other one went out to meet the two robbers who had gone out to shoot some game for supper. About an hour later they came along, unsuspectingly with their guns carelessly thrown on their shoulders. Roosevelt and his companion stepped suddenly from their hiding place with their guns levelled on the robbers and shouted, "Hands up!" One of the men threw away his gun immediately, but the other one seemed inclined to fight; but seeing that they had the drop on him, he instantly gave up without resistance. In camp the three prisoners were all closely examined. They made them sit near the fire and take off their shoes. As the ground was covered with hedge-hog thistles, escape in bare feet was impossible.

They now had the criminals, but inasmuch as Mr.

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Roosevelt had no inclination to use the methods of the "stranglers," the hard part of his task was just begun, for the nearest sheriff was three hundred miles away in the little city of Dickinson. The first week, they floated down the river. Often ice prevented them from going forward, so that the whole company had to go on land and wait for the noon-sun to thaw the river. Food became scarce, and as game could not be had, the men had to be satisfied with bread made of flour and dirty river water. But the most disagreeable thing was the nights. They camped on some protected spot on shore, the prisoners were forced to sit close together near the fire while one of Roosevelt's party, with his gun on his knee, kept guard. At last they reached a farm where they found a man who was willing to take the prisoners to Dickinson in a wagon, though he wondered why Roosevelt did not take the law into his own hands.

Sending his cowboys back home, Mr. Roosevelt set out with his prisoners over rough country roads. The wagon went very slowly, and for the greater part of the way, Roosevelt walked behind: he could thereby avoid the jolting and also keep closer watch on his prisoners. The journey took two days. The night on the road was spent in a small hut. As he did not wish to leave the men unguarded in the cabin, he sat by the door on duty the long night through; and when morning came, he again took his place behind the wagon and before sundown delivered the robbers to the sheriff at

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Dickinson. He had not closed his eyes for thirty-six hours, and had eaten nothing for nearly two days, although he had walked behind the wagon almost the entire distance from the ranch on the river to Dickinson, while those who had made all these hardships necessary were much more comfortable than he. Mr. Roosevelt received for the transportation of the prisoners the sum of fifty dollars, which he was entitled to according to the Dakota law.

The two years, 1884-1886, which Mr. Roosevelt spent in the Wild West were eventful for him in more ways than one. Above all he had recovered from the fatigue of his political campaigns and the blows that fate had dealt him, and had laid up reserve force for future activities. Physically and mentally tired out, he had sought refuge in the freedom of the broad and trackless prairies, and the charm of wild mountain tracks. He now turned his back upon the woods and prairies, which had meant so much to him, the personification of perfect manhood. He had come in contact with a rough, and somewhat wild, yet good and industrious people; he had been a companion to them: he had shared with them joy and grief and sport and toil; he had often divided with them his last bite of bread and his last drop of water, until they came to look upon him as one of their number and to love him accordingly. On his hunting trips and other journeys, he was often carried into districts where the foot of the white man had seldom trod; he learned to know at first

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hand the value of the land and its artistic beauty; and, as he entered more and more into the life of the people and understood their needs, their hopes and their ambitions, the deeper became his love for his country and its people, and the more he desired to make the future of that people what it should be.

CHAPTER V

ROOSEVELT THE REFORMER

THOUGH Mr. Roosevelt, during his stay in the Wild West, had refrained from taking an active part in politics, he had not been forgotten by his political friends. In the second half of the year 1886, the Republicans in New York were in great distress for want of a suitable candidate for mayor in the coming city election. The poorer class of the party had unwittingly fixed upon Henry George, who under the banner of "Progress and Poverty" played heavy to the great army of malcontents, but who had none of the qualities that would appeal to the better educated class of people. In their effort to find a man who could command the support of all classes, they thought of Theodore Roosevelt. They presented the situation to him, and urged him to accept the candidacy.

Mr. Roosevelt did not hesitate long. The hopelessness of his being elected rather than deterring him made the offer of the nomination more attractive, for it showed to him the great need. He entered the campaign with his characteristic energy; he often made four speeches in a single evening in as many parts of the city. But all efforts were in vain. On election day,

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Hewitt received 90,552, George 68,110, and Roosevelt 60,435 votes. Inasmuch as George refused to withdraw, the Republican party was split and the election of Hewitt was assured from the beginning. Mr. Roosevelt was really not disappointed; he knew when he accepted the nomination that the odds were against him. He had done his duty as he saw it and was satisfied with the result.

The election occurred in November; in December he was married again. This time Edith Carow, his former school-love, became his wife. His daughter Alice had thus far been educated at the home of her grandparents in Boston; Mr. Roosevelt now took her to himself. The next three years he devoted himself to his family and to his writings. Again he enjoyed the hunting and the scenery at his farm on the Little Missouri, and even occasionally took part in the round-ups; but during these three years, his main occupation was writing.

In the year 1882, his first book, "The Naval War of 1812," appeared. After that, he plunged deeper and deeper into the history of America, read with growing interest the lives of many of the famous men, and rejoiced over the deeds of the population of the American frontier. The fruits of his historical studies were "The Life of Thomas H. Benton" (1887), a son of the West, who had exercised a decisive influence in the Senate of the United States for thirty years, "The Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1889), who, as ambassa-

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dor to France saw the French Revolution in all its bloody terror, and the first two volumes of his masterpiece, "The Winning of the West" (1889), the last two volumes of which appeared in 1894 and 1896 respectively. In this work, he describes the general advance of civilization from the Coast States over the Alleghanies and into the valley of the Mississippi. He speaks of the heroic deeds of such men as Daniel Boone and David Crockett and of the bloody fights which the white settlers had with the red masters of the land. The noble characters of Cooper's "Leather-stocking Tales," which are familiar to every German boy, find their real counterparts in the historic figures of "The Winning of the West." Besides his works in history, he also wrote a number of political essays. These were first published in the magazines, but, as they became popular, they were printed in book form under the title of "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888). He also wrote from time to time of his hunting trips and his experiences with the cowboys and trappers. In 1886 he published "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and in 1888 his most excellent book, "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail."

The large number of works written during his stay on the Little Missouri furnish ample proof of Mr. Roosevelt's industry, so that we are somewhat prepared to see him later on while in the heat of political fights finding time to write many and not at all worthless books. Of historical works, there followed "New

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York City: a History " (1891), " Hero Tales from American History " (1895), " The Rough Riders " (1899), and " Oliver Cromwell " (1901). He dealt with politics in " American Ideals " (1897) and " The Strenuous Life " (1900). Hunting experiences and appreciative observations of nature form the contents of " The Wilderness Hunter " (1893), " Hunting in Many Lands " (1895), " The Deer Family " (1902), and " Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter " (1905).

The quiet life which Mr. Roosevelt led in the wilderness soon began to weigh upon him and to make him long for a change. Politics attracted his attention again. He kept himself posted as to things of the busy world without, and especially as to the course of affairs in New York. On his lonesome tramps, he thought over the problems confronting the American people and tried to arrive at some definite conclusion as to the best method to solve them. These conclusions he expressed in his own characteristically pointed way in numerous magazine and newspaper articles. The public seemed to take well to all that he wrote. One soon noticed that Roosevelt took up his pen only when he had something really worth while to say, and, as he always had a high conception of personal responsibility in public business, he never failed to emphasize the fact that justice and honesty should be fundamental in politics and in every form of human intercourse. His sentiments found an echo in the

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hearts of the better class of American citizens, and he became widely and favorably known.

What he had thought out theoretically during many years, far from the rush of the Empire City, he now wished to give a practical test to. He therefore wrote to President Harrison in 1889 and asked for a responsible position in the Department of the Interior. But, as he was still considered by many of the more conservative men in public life, a hot-headed youth who was far more likely to bring about disagreeable entanglements with foreign countries than to render worthy services, his request was refused. President Harrison did, however, call him into the Civil Service Commission, where, it is sometimes said, he got his ideas of political reforms. But that is not the truth. When he was a representative at Albany, Mr. Roosevelt helped to enact a civil service law which was a blow at the spoils system which was then flourishing in the State of New York, and about the same time a similar law had been passed by the government of the United States. During the six years that had intervened since that time, the special commission to which was entrusted the task of making the law effective was leading a harmlessly inactive existence. The majority of the members of Congress liked that; they had voted for the law, it is true, but they had done so in response to public opinion and they heartily approved the sleeping process as a means of nullifying the law.

Mr. Roosevelt was of a different opinion. He saw

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in the spoils system a gigantic evil which should be rooted out at all hazards. For seventy years, the spoils system had been in vogue, for Andrew Jackson, who became president in 1828, declared that "to the victors belong the spoils." From that time on, it was the custom to dismiss at the close of every presidential term all federal officials, from the members of the president's cabinet to the mail-carriers on the most insignificant of star routes, and thousands were made breadless in a single day. But that was not the worst of it. According to the principle, the offices were always filled with political adherents, and without regard in many instances to the fitness of the men for the positions in which they were placed. Faithfulness to duty meant nothing; loyalty to party meant everything. The interests of the country were sacrificed to party greed; and one president had fallen a victim to the insane demands of the system.

There was urgent need of reform. In "American Ideals" * Roosevelt said:

"No question of internal administration is so important to the United States as the question of civil service reform, because the spoils system, which can only be supplanted through the agencies which have found expression in the act creating the Civil Service Commission, has been for seventy years the most potent of all the forces tending to bring about the degradation of our politics. No republic can permanently endure when its politics are corrupt and base; and

* "American Ideals," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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the spoils system, the application in political life of the degrading doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils, produces corruption and degradation. The man who is in politics for the offices might just as well be in politics for the money he can get for his vote, so far as the general good is concerned. . . . The spoils-monger and spoils-seeker invariably breed the bribe-taker and bribe-giver, the embezzler of public funds and the corrupter of voters. Civil service reform is not merely a movement to better the public service. It achieves this end, too; but its main purpose is to raise the tone of public life, and it is in this direction that its effects have been of incalculable good to the whole community."

These were also in general the demands which the opponents of the spoils system made, and which were accepted in name only by the civil service act of 1884. In reality, as said before, most of the members of Congress were opposed to the law and pushed their own adherents into office wherever they could, and the commissioners who had to make the lists of applicants for the different offices, who were to hold examinations and to prevent violations of the law, were careful not to arouse those people by undue strictness, which resulted in no strictness at all. Everything remained, therefore, practically as it had been before, in spite of the hope which the law had offered to the people.

With Roosevelt's appearance on the commission, matters changed. His two colleagues were also good, honest men who despised the spoils system with their whole heart, but who lacked the fighting spirit and bold initiative of Mr. Roosevelt. Though he was not chairman of the commission, he certainly was the soul

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of it. The three men worked in perfect harmony, however, and their labor has borne fruit.

Mr. Roosevelt was determined to get the law into operation and prosecute any violations of it. The test which he wished to apply to applicants for government positions was a simple one. He demanded ability, honesty, and faithfulness to duty. He made it a rule to allow no one to get a federal position to whom he would not feel safe in entrusting his own private affairs. The men who could bear successfully these tests should remain in office if they were already there, and should be placed on the accredited list if they were not then in office. It will be observed at once that this was in entire harmony with the civil service law.

As soon as the commission learned that the law had been violated anywhere, they instituted proceedings with a thoroughness that proved embarrassing to certain members of Congress. Though they were heartily disliked by many of the higher federal officials, their action had a beneficial effect upon all departments of the federal government. The men who appointed the minor officials were careful in their selections, because they felt themselves under the scrutiny of men who asked for the highest degree of efficiency in all federal positions. The men who held the offices under civil service rule enjoyed greater security than they had ever done before, and consequently rendered better services to the State.

As the commission had done its work without taking

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the public into its confidence, the feeling became widespread, helped along by designing enemies, that something mysterious was going on there. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, gladly welcomed the public to his office. Whenever a senator or a representative attacked the Civil Service Commission, he promptly received an invitation from Mr. Roosevelt to visit the office and to convince himself with his own eyes of the recklessness of his accusations. He also requested the newspaper reporters to visit his office and gave them all the information they wished in regard to the work of the commission. He feared neither the criticisms of the public nor of his avowed enemies, whose loaves and fishes he had cut off. He had sufficient confidence in the ultimate good sense of the people to believe that they would soon be convinced that the commission was doing its duty impartially.

At one time an article appeared in a recalcitrant newspaper to the effect that under a Republican president only Republicans would apply for office. Roosevelt's reply was not long delayed. He invited the representatives of the great Southern newspapers to his office, and when they were assembled, he addressed them as follows:

“Gentlemen, I am about to ask you to help me wipe out this false accusation and to render a service to your countrymen at the same time. I have looked over the list of promotions, and have found that, though the Northern and the Western States get their full share,

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the Southern States do not get theirs. I request that you make it known in the most emphatic way that it is the desire of the members of this commission that the young men of the South apply for positions, and take the examinations without regard to their political views. I presume that the majority of your educated young men are Democrats; but you may transmit to them my full assurance that they will receive in every way the same consideration as young men from other parts of the country, that no one will ask them about their political views and that they will be promoted according to merit in the regular order. The commission has been established not for Republicans, not for Democrats, but for the American people, and, as long as I stay here, will be managed for the best interests of the country regardless of party affiliations."

Greater and greater became the interest of the country in the reforms of the Civil Service Commission. People generally admired the man who dared fight with corruption wherever he found it and to take upon himself the hatred and enmity of all the opposing elements. It made no difference to Mr. Roosevelt who the sinner was; they all looked alike to him. He even invaded the cabinet of President Harrison and publicly exposed a member of it who presumed upon being allowed to disregard the provisions of the law. At that time, even the president, though an honest, conscientious man, wished to remove the indomitable, incorruptible, inconvenient reformer, but out of regard

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for public opinion, which was entirely with Mr. Roosevelt, and not do it.

The congressmen who were adherents of the spoils system were Mr. Roosevelt's most bitter opponents. They regarded the action of the commission in stopping favoritism in the distribution of federal offices as a piece of unwarranted impudence. On account of the activity of the Civil Service Commission, they could no longer reward their supporters by pushing them into fat public offices, and they had unpleasant visions of their henchmen deserting them. The leader of the anti-reformers was Senator Gorman. His rage against the commission drove him again and again to vigorous attacks against it, and he was loyally aided by many of his colleagues. An opportunity was given at each session of Congress, when the report of the Civil Service Commission was made, for the disgruntled members to air their indignation. They found excuse for criticising everything that the commission did or did not do and showed only too plainly that they were for doing away with the disagreeable trap at any price.

The attacks against Roosevelt and his colleagues were often ridiculous. At one time, Gorman declared on the floor of the Senate that "an intelligent young man from Baltimore, an applicant for a position as mail-carrier, had been asked on examination to name 'the shortest route from Baltimore to Japan,' and, because he was unable to answer this and similar questions, was not permitted to pass." As soon as Mr.

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Roosevelt heard of Senator Gorman's speech, he wrote him a polite letter in which he asked him to name the place and date of the examination and invited him to look over for himself all the questions that had been given on examination to mail-carriers and to convince himself whether such questions had ever been asked. Mr. Gorman, however, told his colleagues in the Senate that he had done as he always did when a mean fellow mixed in his affairs: he had taken no notice of the letter.

To this Mr. Roosevelt replied in an open letter, which concluded as follows:

“High-minded, sensitive Mr. Gorman! Clinging, trustful Mr. Gorman! Nothing could shake his belief in that ‘bright young man.’ Apparently, he did not even yet try to find out his name—if he had a name; in fact, his name, like everything else about him, remains to this day wrapped in the Stygian mantle of an abysmal mystery. Still less has Mr. Gorman tried to verify the statements made to him. It is enough for him that they were made. No harsh suspicion, no stern demand for evidence or proof, appeals to his artless and unspoiled soul. He believes whatever he is told, even when he has forgotten the name of the teller, or never knew it. It would indeed be difficult to find an instance of a more abiding confidence in human nature—even in anonymous human nature. And this is the end of the tale of Arcadian Mr. Gorman and his elusive friend, the bright young man without a name!”

At another time, a newspaper friendly to Gorman printed a facsimile of a Roosevelt letter and asked in a derisive way whether a man with such penmanship

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could pass the examination for a clerk of the third class in Roosevelt's office; and added that that man was a member of a commission that had to decide upon the hand-writing of others. To this article Roosevelt replied in a way that the editor had not expected. He confessed that he would not apply for the position of clerk for the obvious reason that he would have little chance of passing the examination and that he would make a very poor clerk, though he felt that he was a fairly efficient member of the commission. "And," he added, "there it is. Under our system of civil service examinations I could n't get in, whereas under the old spoils system you advocate I would have had pull enough to get the appointment to the clerkship I was n't fit for. Don't you see?"

The members of Congress went so far in their opposition as to cut down considerably the appropriation for the work of the commission. Mr. Roosevelt at once retaliated. He took the lists before the commission for examinations and erased the names of all of those from the districts whose representatives had voted for curtailing the expenses of the commission. At the same time, he informed the people through the press what was being done, and added in justification of his own conduct that inasmuch as examinations would have to be abandoned in some districts for the lack of money, it was nothing but right that those districts whose representatives had tied the hands of the commission by decreasing the appropriation should

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suffer. A tumult arose immediately throughout the country, especially among those who were expecting to take the examinations; and such pressure was soon brought to bear upon Congress that the allowance to the commission was increased to the original sum asked for.

Against such opposition, Mr. Roosevelt worked conscientiously through the two years of Harrison's administration and the four years of Grover Cleveland's. His energy gave life to his colleagues. "Every day," one of them said, "I went to the office with pleasure. I knew that while Roosevelt was there something would be done that would make our work worth while, and after he left the office, I found the duties laborious."

The result of the activities of the Civil Service Commission while he was a member of it, Mr. Roosevelt sums up in these words: "Offences were made public to greatest extent possible. Even where we were not able to win our fight, we gained something from the fact that we had undertaken it and were ready to renew it again if provoked. Though there were violations and evasions of the law, the percentage was very small if we consider the extent of the civil service. As a whole, it is doubtful whether one per cent of all officials removed were dismissed for political reasons. In other words, where under the reign of the spoils system, a hundred men would have lost their positions, ninety-nine remained secure in the discharge of their

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duties because of the civil service as it was administered under our supervision.”

When in 1895 Mr. Roosevelt resigned his position on the commission, President Cleveland was justified in congratulating him on his success. He had performed a gigantic task well. He is to be praised not only because he increased the number of positions subject to civil service rule, from 14,000 to 40,000, but particularly because he instituted in the service high moral standards, and followed them himself for six years. The frankness and honesty with which he had met all opponents, the courage with which he had opposed injustice of every description, impressed themselves deeply upon the American people and gained for him the respect and admiration of many men of power and influence. How incessantly he worked can be learned from the statements of officials of the Congressional Library. They said that a clerk would be kept busy for a week if he were even to make out a list of all the articles which Mr. Roosevelt published in defence of his reforms — and these were quite as necessary to the country as the reforms themselves for they opened the way to greater reforms.

Mr. Roosevelt had decided to accept the position offered him as chief of police of New York City. He did this against the advice of his friend and adviser and fellow-worker, Proctor. Proctor was firmly convinced that it was not the proper thing to do, and argued long and insistently, till at last Roosevelt pat-

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ted him on the shoulder and said, "Old friend, I have decided that I ought to go."

"Go, then," said Proctor almost roughly as he rose from the table. "You must always have your way, and I believe you are right; clean up the city thoroughly." And the gray-bearded man walked out and wept like a child.

CHAPTER VI

ROOSEVELT AS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

OLD Mr. Proctor was not the only one who tried to dissuade Mr. Roosevelt from accepting the position of chief of police of New York. His friends generally thought that he was too good and too big a man to be chief of police, even of the metropolis of the American continent. The police of New York at the time enjoyed, too, a rather unsavory reputation. But it was for these very reasons that the work appealed to Mr. Roosevelt; he saw before him something that needed to be done, something that was worthy of being done with the highest degree of efficiency; and he felt himself equal to the task. He had declined the office of commissioner of the street cleaning department, which had first been offered him, on account of "lack of experience." He believed himself capable, however, of directing the police system of the great city. He knew that, if he succeeded in reforming the system, he would render a lasting benefit to his fellow citizens. He, therefore, remained deaf to all the advice and warning of his friends, and entered upon his duties on May 5, 1895.

The conditions which he found to exist were indeed

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wretched. The whole system was inseparably connected with politics; the dominating party, Democratic adherents of the spoils system, who had united in forming the Tammany ring, had exercised for many years a veritable tyranny over the patrolmen and used them in a shameless way to further their nefarious plans. As in all other departments of the city government, the worst incompetency, immorality, and dishonesty reigned in the department of police. The officers worked hand in hand with thieves and criminals; he who paid for it could go unmolested, but he who could not or would not buy immunity was annoyed by them in every manner possible. Instead of being a protection to the people, they were themselves a menace. Many people preferred rather to deal with the outlaws than with the policemen.

Under the Tammany *régime*, all offices were bought. Only when a very influential congressman wanted a place for a favorite, was an exception made to the rule. And the exceptions were rare; the required sum had to be furnished usually before one could get employment under the city. There was a special levy upon policemen. An ordinary policeman's position cost from \$200 to \$300; he who was ambitious to become police lieutenant had to pay for the appointment from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

In deciding upon the high prices for offices, they bore in mind that policemen have the opportunity of securing large amounts of money from bribes, and the

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men who bought their positions were certain that they would not be reprimanded if they fleeced every one with whom they came in contact. But they were expected to "tote fair" with the leaders of Tammany Hall and to deliver to them half of the spoils. The income which the Democratic party received in this way footed up millions of dollars.

A police officer could play his game of robbery with incredible success on account of the freedom that was given him. If a saloon-keeper wished to observe the law, and, therefore, refused to pay the "freewill" offering to the policemen, his rival in business was given such extensive privileges that the honest business man was either ruined or compelled to pay up as the others had done. The police closed their eyes everywhere for money; gambling dens, saloons, disorderly houses bought immunity from punishment and flaunted their vice in the faces of respectable citizens. Every form of vice paid its toll and flourished with the connivance of the men who were supposed to suppress vice.

The shameful practices of the Tammany people continued and increased at an alarming rate until even the most indifferent citizen became aroused to the necessity of reform. The feeling of the people was expressed in the election of 1894 and the Tammany gang was expelled and a Republican by name of Strong was elected mayor. He had the best of intentions but lacked in energy to make right and justice prevail at

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all times. When he entered office in the following year, he asked Mr. Roosevelt to take charge of the department of police, and to put an end to the undesirable conditions.

When Mr. Roosevelt appeared for the first time in Mulberry Street as the head of the police of New York, Byrnes, the chief of the secret service, greeted him with these words: "The system will break your opposition. You will give in, for you are only human after all."

Mr. Roosevelt began by separating the police from politics. He refused absolutely to let any one have anything to say in regard to his appointments. In making appointments and promotions, he considered only the fitness of the men for the work. He put out of the service those who were physically weak and those who were given to drink. He asked neither as to one's politics nor religion, but was satisfied on examination if one showed a fair degree of knowledge united with native common sense. For once the test of merit was applied to the police force of New York City.

Nor did the test end with the appointments. In order to find out as to the faithfulness of the officials, Mr. Roosevelt in company with a friend often made his rounds through certain districts of the city. These tours of inspection were usually made between midnight and sunrise when the men, if they ever were, would be off their guard. Of his first inspection, his

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friend Leupp gives the following interesting description: *

“ The friend found the commissioner at the appointed place and hour, armed only with a little stick and a written list of the patrolmen's posts in the district which was to be visited. They walked over each beat separately. In the first three beats they found only one man on post. One of the others had gone to assist the man on the third, but there was no trace of the third man's whereabouts. They went over to Second Avenue, where they came upon a patrolman seated on a box with a woman.

“ ‘ Patrolman,’ asked the commissioner, ‘ are you doing your duty on post 27? ’

“ The fellow jumped up in a hurry. This pedestrian, though unknown to him, was obviously familiar with police matters; so he stammered out, with every attempt to be obsequious: ‘ Yes, sir; I am, sir.’

“ ‘ Is it all right for you to sit down? ’ inquired the mysterious stranger.

“ ‘ Yes, sir — no, sir — well, sir, I was n't sitting down. I was just waiting for my partner, the patrolman on the next beat. Really, I was n't sitting down.’

“ ‘ Very well,’ said the stranger, cutting him short and starting on.

“ The officer ran along, explaining again with much volubility that he had not been sitting down — he had just been leaning a little against something while he waited.

“ ‘ That will do; you are following me off post. Go back to your beat now and present yourself before me at headquarters at half past nine this morning. I am Commissioner Roosevelt.’

“ Another three blocks and the strollers came upon a patrolman chatting with a man and a woman. They passed

* From Leupp's “ The Man Roosevelt.” Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co. New York.

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the group, went a little way, and returned; the woman was gone, but the patrolman and the man were still there, and deep in conversation. The talk was interrupted to enable the officer to answer the commissioner's questions. The man seized the opportunity to slip off.

" 'They were drunk, sir, a little intoxicated, sir,' was the patrolman's excuse, as he caught an inkling of the situation. 'I was just trying to quiet them down a bit. I'm sorry, sir, very sorry.' "

" 'That's enough. Come to Commissioner Roosevelt's office at half past nine.' "

" In search of the roundsman the commissioner started, to call him to account for all this laxity of discipline. The roundsman was found gossiping with two patrolmen on another beat.

" 'Which of you men belongs here?' demanded the commissioner, addressing the patrolmen.

" They and their companion met the inquiry defiantly. One of the trio retorted: 'What business is that of yours?' "

" The commissioner made no response except to repeat his question in another form: 'Which one of you is covering beat 31?' "

" It was now plain that they were in trouble. By the light of a neighboring gas-lamp the roundsman recognized the interrogator's face. He cast a significant glance at one of his companions, who answered, meekly enough, 'It's me, sir.' "

" The other told where he belonged and left quickly for his post, while the roundsman made a poor fist of explaining that he was 'just admonishing the patrolmen to move around and do their duty' when the commissioner came up.

" 'You may call on me at half past nine and tell me all about it,' was the response; 'I have n't time now to listen.' "

And so he continued his rounds till dawn. The disagreeable impression which the discoveries made was

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relieved somewhat when he came to a precinct where every man was found at his post. The officer in charge was ordered to report on the same day at police headquarters, not to be reprimanded but to be congratulated. The guilty officers made all kinds of excuses, some of which were really amusing. A few assured him it was the first night they had been negligent.

"See to it that it is the last one," came the quick reply. "I wish to convince myself with my own eyes how you spend your time."

On another of his night tours of investigation, he found only one of ten policemen doing his duty properly. One was sitting on a butter-box in the middle of the sidewalk and snoring so loud that he could be heard on the other side of the street. In another precinct, Roosevelt went around a certain beat three times without being able to find his man. He was just on the point of leaving without having effected his purpose when the owner of a night *café*, whose guests had got into a quarrel, came into the street and by knocking on the sidewalk with a stick gave the signal that he needed police protection. He repeated the signal three times; but, as the policeman did not come, cried in anger: "Where in thunder does the scoundrel sleep? He should have told me if he had given up the barber shop, so that I could have found him." This officer also received an invitation to headquarters to inform the chief why he had changed his sleeping place.

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Mr. Roosevelt's night visits had the desired effect. The policemen did not feel secure for a moment, for they could not know at what hour of the day or night Mr. Roosevelt might break in upon them. They, therefore, attended strictly to business. After the first week, Mr. Roosevelt was known in police circles as Harum. He soon was able to find out the cause of the weakness of the police force. It was not due primarily to the rank and file of the men of the service, but to the superior officers who compelled them in one way or another to earn extra money and always condoned laxity in the discharge of duty, provided they fed the coffers of the men higher up.

The most money had formerly been extorted from saloon-keepers. If they paid the policemen sufficiently, they could keep their doors open as long as they pleased. It, therefore, seemed most necessary to Roosevelt to enforce the law in regard to opening and closing saloons, and to punish severely every infraction of it. A short time before, a law had been passed ordering saloons to be closed on Sunday; but like many other laws, it had never been enforced, save so far as it was necessary to extort money from the saloon men.

Mr. Roosevelt ordered a most careful enforcement of the law, and requested the policemen to close the saloons if necessary by force and to report the proprietors who resisted. A storm at once arose, for the policemen, for fear of their master, did as they were

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told, and soon the fury of the twelve thousand or fourteen thousand saloon-keepers of New York City was at white heat. Half the city took sides with the saloon-keepers. Singly and in crowds men came to Mr. Roosevelt to get him to withdraw his order; members of the city council advised him not to turn everything upside down, to work with discretion. To them he replied that there was nothing in his oath about discretion; he had sworn to enforce the laws and would remain true to his oath, and added that he had not made the laws; if they were obnoxious they should be repealed. As long as they remained on the statute books, he would see to it that they were enforced. He backed up his position with the words of Lincoln: "Teach respect for the laws in school, print it in the readers and story books, preach it from the pulpits, give explanation to them in the meetings of the representatives and enforce them in the courts, and, in short, let them become the political gospel of the people."

Though Mr. Roosevelt had done nothing but enforce in an honest way laws that had formerly been enforced in a dishonest way, complaint against him increased. Some papers that knew how to foment trouble asserted that crime was on the increase, since the police were giving so much time to the saloons and were unable to protect the law-abiding citizens. Mr. Roosevelt listened to the accusations in silence, and stuck firmly to the line of conduct which he had marked out. It

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was not long, however, before he received substantial proof of the wisdom of his course. The Bellevue Hospital reported that for the first time since the institution was founded no case had been treated on Monday which had resulted from a drunken row on Sunday. The police courts stated that the number of delinquents was decreasing, the savings banks made it known that the number and the amount of deposits were continually on the increase, and the pawnbrokers complained of hard times.

While the fight about the Sunday law was at its height, the "United Societies for Liberal Sunday Laws" decided upon a big parade as a protest against the Roosevelt tyranny. A number of the city fathers as well as the representatives of the most important breweries were invited to see the demonstration. A platform had been erected for them in a conspicuous place. They invited Mr. Roosevelt to join them on the platform, little thinking that he would do it as the demonstration was against him. But to their surprise and to the astonishment of every one, he suddenly appeared upon the platform and took his place in the front row after saluting with a friendly bow those present. At the head of a certain group was a burly German veteran of the Franco-German War who found it difficult to dispense with his "Sunday beer." The police president was particularly intolerable to him, and as he passed the platform, he cried out in a most derisive tone, "*Nun, wo ist der Roosevelt?*"

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He was almost stunned when suddenly a round face with heavy eyeglasses bent over him and replied in his native tongue: "*Hier bin ich! Was willst du, Camerad?*" The German was speechless at first and looked up as if he saw a spirit. But as soon as he comprehended what was going on, he raised his hat and roared: "Hurrah for Roosevelt!"

Group after group passed by. One man carried a banner with the inscription: "Roosevelt's Drunkenness—Reform Rumbblings." Another read: "Send the police czar to Russia!" Roosevelt laughed when he saw the banners and sent a policeman after the wagon to ask that he might have them as souvenirs. The men were so astonished that they handed them over without a word. The good humor of Mr. Roosevelt pleased the people and, when the German cheered him, they also joined in the applause, so that one group after another passed the platform with hurrahs for Roosevelt. What was to have been a protest against his tyranny became a tribute to his honor. Many a man gave expression to his feeling in such words as these: "Bravo, Teddy!" "He is all right!" "He is a fine fellow!"

But the hatred of the men whom he had brought to terms was not at all softened. On the contrary, when they saw him growing in favor with the people, they sought other means of getting rid of him. A few councilmen whose interests were in common with those of the saloon-keepers tried to veto his appointment,

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claiming that he had been appointed only temporarily by the mayor, Mr. Strong. But unconsciously Mr. Roosevelt had rendered himself a great service years before. As a member of the General Assembly of New York in 1883, he had put through a law which took the veto-power away from the council and placed it in the hands of the mayor. The city fathers learned to their sorrow that their old time prestige was gone, for with their veto-power gone they were rattlesnakes without fangs. They had to keep Mr. Roosevelt at the head of the police, much as they hated him.

How strong was the hatred against him in certain circles can be seen from the fact that even his life was in danger. Twice bombs were found in his desk, and that he escaped harm was due to his own intrepid spirit and to the watchfulness of his friends. For, after all, those who hated him belonged always to the same class of people. But since he was after the light-shunning crowd and attacked every one that under one pretext or another sinned against life and property of his neighbors, he was the living terror of those who lived in constant war with the law, but on the other hand he soon gained the unlimited confidence and respect of all right-thinking people. He soon became well known to the residents of the city. Children flocked to him in numbers and told him their small and their larger sorrows and expected him to help them if possible. He came to occupy such a place in the minds of the children that they continued to go

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to the police headquarters for Mr. Roosevelt long after he had resigned his office.

Against one who has the children and the helpless for friends, the hearts of other people cannot long be locked, especially when that one has a nature so frank and so filled with a sense of justice as Mr. Roosevelt. Above all, the officials under Mr. Roosevelt came to love him. The majority of them were men who needed only encouragement and the example of their superiors to make them efficient officers of the law, and as they now had both, the efficiency of the police service rapidly increased. To the astonishment of every one, the men responded readily to the wishes of a leader who held the oath of office a sacred thing and who considered the sale of liquor to children and the acceptance of bribes as crimes but little less dark than cold murder itself.

Under the old *régime*, the policemen received neither reprimands for gross neglect of duty nor praise when they had done their duty heroically. Mr. Roosevelt was no less careful to bestow praise where praise was due than to censure where censure was due. Only a few days after he formally took up the duties of his office, a policeman followed a burglar one night into the subway, into which the man had jumped, and finally at the risk of his own life captured the man. When Roosevelt heard of his conduct, he promptly promoted him to a higher position. Another one, a bicycle policeman, ran after a runaway horse on a

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crowded street. After a hard race, he succeeded in stopping the horse, but not till he had received broken limbs and a bruised body, which necessitated his going to the hospital. When he was able to take up his work again, he was a roundsman and wore the medal of bravery upon his breast.

Another case shows the difference between the old way and the Roosevelt way of doing things. A gray-haired policeman had risked his life by swimming through the ice-filled river to save a woman; Roosevelt ordered him to report at headquarters and promptly gave him a better position. The old man, a veteran of the Civil War, had already saved twenty-eight lives in the same way, for his beat was near the river, where such accidents are frequent. During his entire service, his record had been without blemish. Congress had honored him with the medal for bravery and had conferred upon him the life-saving medal; but the police department, which he had served so faithfully, had never a word of appreciation for him; they had even allowed him to buy a new uniform at his own expense when the old one had become useless on account of his efforts in saving the lives of others. Mr. Roosevelt had not been longer than four weeks in the department when he made it known that uniforms which were rendered unfit for service on account of risk of life while on duty were marks of honor and that the department would bear the expense of new ones.

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By such treatment, he awakened in the officials a love and a respect for their work. They knew that they were judged according to their merit, and that even the "pull" of friends in higher positions could not save them if they were not faithful and efficient in the performance of their duty. Formerly people had spoken with shame and indignation of the police department, but under the Roosevelt administration the New Yorker came to speak of it with pride and pleasure. In order to bring about the change, no particular genius had been necessary, as he himself stated. Only the ordinary, every-day virtues, the presence of which should be taken for granted in every citizen, were needed. Healthy common-sense, honesty, courage, determination, the willingness to learn and the desire to be as kind to every one as consistent with strict performance of one's duty—these were the qualities which made Mr. Roosevelt so successful in the police department of the American metropolis, and these are the qualities which will make any man successful in almost any line of work.

That his friendliness and kindness were at times taken advantage of is to his credit rather than to his discredit. Mr. Roosevelt is by nature optimistic and sees the good in men to the exclusion of the bad; and he is occasionally deceived when a less trustful man would pierce the deception. At one time, a certain policeman had tried his patience too far and was dismissed. Next morning when he arrived at his office,

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the policeman with eleven children of all ages awaited him. The dismissed official led the children into the presence of his chief and with a sorrowful wave of his hand, said, "All of them motherless!"

"What? All these children without a mother?" Then the severity of his countenance changed to one of sympathy: "Go back to your work and try once more and for the last time." He afterwards learned that only two of the children belonged to the man; the others he had borrowed for the occasion from his neighbors.

Mr. Roosevelt lived in a state of open war with the saloon-keepers. Besides forcing the saloons to close their doors at the hours fixed by law, he fought many another battle with them that earned for him the respect of all law-abiding citizens but made the liquor element his lasting enemy. He enforced strictly the law against selling liquor to minors. The increase in the use of alcoholic liquors among children had become alarming. The most reliable statistics obtainable by the police of the city showed that more than half of those addicted to drink acquired the habit before they had reached the age at which it was lawful to sell them the beverage. Again and again news of accidents and crimes, which were the result of drunkenness among children, reached the police. Only recently a boy had fallen a victim to the curse. He had been sent into a saloon regularly by workingmen to purchase liquor for them, and learned to like the taste of it him-

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self. One evening while intoxicated, he fell into an old cellar and was literally eaten up by the rats.

The conditions became so horrifying that an association was formed for the purpose of protecting the children. Mr. Roosevelt was in the movement with his whole heart. The saloon-keepers denied that they ever sold liquor to children, and it was not easy to get direct evidence against them inasmuch as the boys and the men interested would not tell on each other. Finally Mr. Roosevelt adopted a plan, which led to his being much criticised. He himself sent a boy into the saloons for whiskey, and in that way got undeniable evidence against the violators of the law. The law threatens with punishment not only him who sells the liquor, but every one who is a party to the sale; and, therefore, it was maintained by his enemies that Mr. Roosevelt had put himself under the ban of the law and was himself as guilty as the saloon-keepers. To which Mr. Roosevelt replied that he had chosen the lesser of two evils, as there was no other way out. The boy who had entered the saloon hundreds of times for a bad purpose entered it once for a good purpose; and though the letter of the law had been violated, the spirit of it had been observed, and he was enabled to stop completely the sale of intoxicating liquor to children.

The means which his opponents said that he should have applied were totally inapplicable. They maintained that he should have used the secret service of

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the department; but if the policeman had entered the saloons in the disguise of a civilian, he could not have caught the guilty parties, because they knew that they were shadowed and were constantly on their guard. Besides, they waited upon children in a narrow hall or other places where it was impossible for the ordinary customer to enter. No fair-minded man would condemn Mr. Roosevelt for a moment. He merely adopted the simplest and surest plan of getting hold of the men whom he knew to be guilty but against whom he found it impossible to secure evidence sufficient to convict them.

As head of the department of police, Mr. Roosevelt was, also, a member of the department of health, in which capacity he had an opportunity to do much good. Here again it was the children that were sinned against. In the old tenements the annual death-rate among children was one-third. But that does not tell it all: those who were able to fight off death were frequently rendered physically unfit to meet the responsibilities of bread-winners when they reached manhood, and sooner or later became objects of charity. On account of the lack of fresh air, cleanliness, and public playgrounds and parks in the tenement districts, the children were not given an opportunity to develop into normal men and women; they were deprived by the greed of men of their God-intended heritage — the right to be born well and raised well.

In his night visits throughout the city, Mr. Roose-

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velt went to these tenements to convince himself of the misery that was hidden within their walls. In accordance with his recommendation, the worst of them were bought by the city and torn down. If the owners did not accept the offers made them, the property was condemned and disposed of anyway. In the place of the rickety, old fire-traps and disease holes, modern buildings arose under the direction of the department of health. The streets were cleaned up and widened. The newly erected school-houses were constructed on sanitary principles, and playgrounds, though not so large as could be wished, were left for the children. In a word, everything was done that could be done to give greater comfort and privileges to the city's poor.

But all these reforms were not brought about without opposition, even if they were things of life and death to thousands of people and of direct benefit to the entire city. Mr. Roosevelt was sued by two landlords who had been compelled to tear down their old buildings, but the court upheld the action of Mr. Roosevelt and the department of health. The press, or a part of it, almost without interruption attacked him. It not only criticised all his measures of reform but circulated the most damaging lies about his work. The most flagrant charges he replied to in other papers, but generally he was too busy to give heed to mendacious accusations made by a disreputable enemy. He was convinced that the public wished to know the truth, that the good sense of the majority of

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people would make them favor what is right; and he, therefore, took the public into his confidence, did nothing behind closed doors but gave the fullest publicity to all that he was doing. The few disgruntled papers could not destroy his faith in the usefulness and integrity of the press, nor affect his relation to their representatives. He invited a large number of reporters to his office, as he had done when a member of the Civil Service Commission, and later in other positions, so that they might inform themselves and thus be able to instruct the public. He even told them more than they were allowed to publish; he then added that this and that were not for publication; and the confidence which he placed in the "knights of the pen" was never betrayed.

The complaint was frequently made that the policemen were boastful and arrogant, that conscious of their power they sometimes forgot the courtesy which the public might rightfully expect of them. It was even charged that they sometimes drove away from the office people who came there on business. Mr. Roosevelt insisted upon official courtesy, upon the utmost kindness consistent with a faithful discharge of duty. And he set the example himself.

Once during a strike, he invited the leaders of the workingmen to meet him and effect a compromise if possible. It was early in his administration and the men did not yet know him. They rather resented his interference and openly boasted that the police would

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have to do their bidding. At this Mr. Roosevelt rose and said very decisively:

"Gentlemen: We want to understand each other. That was the purpose of our coming here. Remember, please, that he who advocates force renders the worst service to the cause of labor. Bear in mind that order will be maintained; the police will maintain it. Now let us go on with the discussion, gentlemen."

For a moment, the audience were shocked, and acted accordingly. They heeded his warning, however, and a satisfactory understanding was soon reached.

Any one could visit Mr. Roosevelt in his own office, and he tried to help everybody who desired help. That at times silly requests were made of him is not at all surprising. The advice which he frequently gave to such requests showed plainly that he had not lost his sense of humor. He played a harmless, yet an amusing trick, on one of our countrymen, who years ago was much talked of in Germany. Mr. Ahlwardt, the grim hater of the Jews, visited the United States in 1895 in order to promote anti-Jewish sentiments. He was billed to address a public meeting, but his friends in New York feared for his safety, and applied to Mr. Roosevelt for protection.

"What do you fear?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"Mr. Ahlwardt is very caustic in his remarks," they replied, "and we are afraid that the Jews might possibly get together and insult him."

"That is nonsense," coolly answered Mr. Roosevelt,

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“there are in New York no more peaceable people than the Jews.”

But as the men insisted that a special guard of policemen would have a desirable effect on any unruly Jew who might be present, Mr. Roosevelt finally dismissed them with the assurance that they should have sufficient protection on that evening. Hardly had the door closed upon the delegation, which was very profuse in expressions of appreciation, when Mr. Roosevelt called the captain of the police. He told him the circumstances and asked him to select from the policemen of New York City thirty men of Jewish faith, the more distinctly they showed their Semitic origin the better. The captain knew his men, and when they reported to Roosevelt for instructions, he had to confess that the captain had made a most careful selection. He told them what he wanted and sent them to the hall where Mr. Ahlwardt was to speak.

Imagine the feelings of Mr. Ahlwardt's friends when they were received at the entrance of the hall by a few policemen of whose origin there could not be the slightest doubt. Everywhere at the posts and windows they stood, with their hook noses and black hair, erect and ready to protect him who was to speak against them and their race. And they did protect him. In the audience there were a few Jews, and when one of these tried to interrupt the speaker, he was seized by the collar and pushed unceremoniously

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into the street before the speaker knew that any one was trying to disturb him.

Mr. Ahlwardt, himself, experienced the greatest disappointment, however. He missed the noise and tumult that always rose wherever he spoke, at home, and soon left the land in which his plans for the purification of the people met with so little response,

CHAPTER VII

IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

FOR two years Mr. Roosevelt had been untiringly active as head of the department of police of New York City. With sleepless vigilance he had sought to break up the old system, to check bribery, to suppress crime and lawlessness, to protect life and property, to ameliorate the hard lot of the poor, and to reward his subordinates for faithful performance of their task and to punish them for neglect of duty. Not only did he keep politics out of his work but almost out of his mind. The policemen of New York City remember to this day their one-time president with high esteem. They realized at the time that a man of strong character and high sense of official duty guided them; and they repaid him for the confidence which he placed in them by confidence and attachment in return and by conscientious performance of the work assigned them.

But Mr. Roosevelt was not to remain in the service of the New York police long; an energetic, high-souled man was needed in a more important position. On March 4, 1897, William McKinley entered upon his duties as president of the United States, and Mr. Long

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became secretary of the navy, who appointed Mr. Roosevelt as his first assistant secretary. While acting in this capacity Mr. Roosevelt was in a position to render most valuable services to the entire country. It was a time, too, when great responsibility rested upon the Navy Department, for war clouds were gathering on the horizon, dark and ominous. If war did come, it was evident to all that the navy would have to play a leading part.

Mr. Roosevelt saw clearly that the troubles that had been dragging along for years between the United States and Spain could be definitely settled only by a war. At the bottom of his heart, he was not a lover of war. He said in his message to the Fifty-seventh Congress (December 3, 1901):

“ The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace; and this Nation most earnestly desires sincere and cordial friendship with all others. Over the entire world, of recent years, wars between the great civilized powers have become less and less frequent. Wars with barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples come in an entirely different category, being merely a most regrettable but necessary international police duty which must be performed for the sake of the welfare of mankind. Peace can only be kept with certainty where both sides wish to keep it; but more and more the civilized peoples are realizing the wicked folly of war and are attaining that condition of just and intelligent regard for the rights of others which will in the end, as we hope and believe, make world-wide peace possible.”

In these words, Mr. Roosevelt stated his position as to peace clearly and distinctly, as he has oftentimes

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done on other occasions. No one loves his home and family more than he, no one knows better than he what it means to be separated from wife and children, from betrothed, from parents, in order to go to war, perhaps never to return, or to come back a cripple for life. He knows, as every statesman knows, that war-like enterprises undermine the prosperity of the country, bring commerce to a standstill, and inflict a most serious blow to the progress of civilization. He has always advocated, therefore, that the difficulties between nations should be settled by arbitration.

No one will deny that, were nations to conduct themselves in that way, peace would be secure. But on account of the imperfections of human nature, the strong will always be inclined to do injustice to the weak, the armed to the unarmed, and, therefore, every one must be on his guard, must strive to be strong so that he may defend himself when it is necessary. "*Si vis pacem, para bellum!*" If a nation wants peace, she must have a strong army and navy, for "the voice of the weakling or the coward counts for nothing if he calls for peace; but the voice of the just man in arms is powerful." The peace which a country enjoys in this way, is an honorable peace, under the protection of which the citizen can respect himself, and only such a peace is desirable. No one admires a man who keeps the peace only because he is afraid, who tolerates every species of injustice in order to live in peace at any price. We rather admire him who man-

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fully and resolutely solves the problems which are presented to him, who lets his neighbor live in peace, not because he is afraid of him but because he scorns to do wrong; who helps his friends, but arises in his might against interference with his rights, be it foreign or domestic. "The man who does not wish to fight in order to prevent injustice or to revenge it is only a poor creature, but he is after all less dangerous than the man who fights on the side of injustice and oppression. Again and again the time must come in the history of nations when war is the highest duty. Peace, however, must be the normal condition, else the nation goes quickly to a bloody ruin." Nations as well as individuals must know how to secure respect if peace is to be honorable and lasting; and just as the individual must rely upon the strength of his muscles to compel recognition of his just demands, so a nation must be strong enough to deter other nations from needlessly provoking her to arms, nor must she hesitate to appeal to the arbitrament of war if necessary.

War at best is regrettable, an evil, and should be avoided as long as possible; but when the highest good of a people is at stake, when the existence of a nation is threatened, when the honor of a State is in danger, when the cause of humanity and civilization is in the balance, then people should not be afraid to invoke the stern god of war. When peaceful entreaties can not accomplish anything, the cannons must speak their bloody words, and woe to the nation that is not suf-

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ficiently prepared for that last, worst alternative. Mr. Roosevelt's whole philosophy of war and peace may be summed up as follows: honorable peace, made secure by a strong army and an efficient navy, must be the aim of every nation; if necessity should demand the drawing of the sword in a just cause, then the people must embrace war with a firm heart and carry it to a righteous end. That the occasions of war should become more and more rare and ultimately cease altogether is to be wished for devoutly and striven for with hope of final success.

At the time that Mr. Roosevelt was appointed assistant secretary of the navy, April, 1897, war with Spain was already in the air. The peace which the United States enjoyed with Spain was gradually becoming dishonorable on account of the bad management of Spain in the island of Cuba. Every year the yellow fever, which originated in the unsanitary conditions in Cuba, spread to the shores of the United States and took its deadly toll from American homes. It was like living near a pest-house over which one has no control. The United States could see what needed to be done, knew how to do it, but could not, because Spain would say, "It is no affair of yours." But the yellow fever was not all that tried the patience of the American people. Within gun-shot of her shores almost, a vile and corrupt government reigned supreme. The officers of the law, hired minions of Spain, committed crimes against the people that made civilized

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nations shudder with horror. Insurrections which broke out here and there were crushed with the cruelty of tyranny, but rebellion was not put down in one part of the island till it raised its determined head in another. The cry for help crossed the channel and kindled sympathy in every American breast. Yet the United States government remained neutral and used its good offices to bring about peace.

But its good offices were rejected by haughty Spain. She refused even to consider the proposition to sell the "Pearl of the Antilles" to the United States. She would rule her possessions without the aid of other nations and rule them in her own way. The natives, stirred by the hatred that had been burning and increasing in fervency for a half century, rose against their tormentors anew and turned to the United States for help. The islanders thought, and naturally, that the United States were their God-given friends. They had themselves struggled for liberty against a powerful enemy.

Then, too, the commercial interests of the United States in Cuba were great. Horrifying reports of conditions in the island reached the outside world; and public opinion in the United States demanded intervention, armed intervention if necessary, but intervention at any cost. But President McKinley, who was naturally a man of peace and who knew that intervention meant war, and a war for which the United States was ill prepared, hesitated. His atti-

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tude, however, did not change Mr. Roosevelt's conviction that war was inevitable.

One day he was sitting in the committee room in Washington with his friend, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, when a German, a cigar manufacturer from Boston, who travelled once or twice each year in Cuba, entered for a conversation with Senator Lodge. He told how, on his last trip, he had visited several cities of the interior in which he had formerly done business but which he found deserted and destroyed. The misery of the interior of the island was beyond description. In one place, he seated himself in a small hotel for dinner. A meagre fare it was, but, while he ate, a crowd of pale and hungry women, half-naked, with starving babies at dry breasts, crawled about his chair like dogs and fought for the crumbs that fell from his plate. Big tears rolled down the German's cheeks as he told the story. He had not been able to eat or sleep, but had hastened to Washington in order to report there what he had seen.

The story of the German made a deep impression upon Mr. Roosevelt. He thought of his own children, to whom he was strongly attached; and he, whose anger the smile of an innocent baby can disarm, he, who kisses the babies that fond mothers hold up to him and around whom the children gather by thousands when he visits any city in the United States, he, the apostle of a pure, unspotted family life, who even to-day as president does not enter a home before a

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woman,—*he* was convinced that the interests of humanity demanded a war with Spain. He was in sympathy with the press of the country which pointed out that it was disadvantageous to the reputation of the United States to let a European nation possess American soil which it was incapable of governing in a moral and enlightened manner. Though no one in America questioned the historic title of Spain to Cuba, every one thought that she had forfeited all the rights which she had ever possessed by her failure to give to the island a just and stable government. The American people felt that the time had come when the United States should demand that Spain withdraw from American soil, and that the United States herself restore order in the distressed island in the name of common humanity. Mr. Roosevelt, who was a firm advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, repeatedly said in the circle of his friends that the war must come and the sooner the better. He believed war not only inevitable but even desirable, and would have liked to begin with a master-stroke before Spain was prepared.

His friend, Francis E. Leupp, says: *

“One Sunday morning in March, 1898, we were sitting in his library discussing the significance of the news that Cervera's squadron was about to sail for Cuba, when he suddenly rose and brought his hands together with a resounding clap.

“‘If I could do what I pleased,’ he exclaimed, ‘I would

* From Leupp's “The Man Roosevelt.” Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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send Spain notice to-day that we should consider her despatch of that squadron a hostile act. Then, if she didn't heed the warning, she would have to take the consequences.'

" 'You are sure,' I asked, 'that it is with unfriendly intent that she is sending the squadron?'

" 'What else can it be? The Cubans have no navy; therefore the squadron can not be coming to fight the insurgents. The only naval power interested in Cuban affairs is the United States. Spain is simply forestalling the "brush" which she knows, as we do, is coming sooner or later.'

" 'And if she refused to withdraw the orders to Cervera —'

" 'I should send out a squadron to meet his on the high seas and smash it! Then I would force the fighting from that day to the end of the war.' "

Although Mr. Roosevelt and the public at large advocated war energetically, the members of the cabinet were divided in opinion. Several of the secretaries favored peace, others could not come to any definite decision, and the president himself hesitated. "But since he had learned," says Leupp, "that Mr. Roosevelt had formed a definite opinion about what the situation demanded, he sent for him one morning and listened to his plans. When the question was discussed in the cabinet the same day, the president remarked with a smile, 'Gentlemen, not one of you has put half as much enthusiasm into his expressions as Mr. Roosevelt, our assistant secretary of the navy. He has laid out the whole programme of the war.'

" 'Could you not induce him to work out a written report as a model for us?' queried one of the members of the cabinet in the same tone as that of the president.

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“ ‘ I can do better than that,’ replied President McKinley, ‘ I can call him in and let you hear for yourselves.’ ”

The proposal met with general approval and Mr. Roosevelt was sent for. He accepted the invitation at once. President McKinley asked him a few leading questions to give him a start, and the whole cabinet leaned back in their chairs and listened to a second edition of what the president had heard before; but this time it was repeated with even greater enthusiasm and accompanied with many expressive gestures. When he had finished and left the room, the president smiled, three or four of the others laughed aloud. Those who did not laugh were impressed by the seriousness of the situation, though they found something amusing in what appeared to them to be the exaggerated enthusiasm and radical views of the assistant secretary. That very evening the scene in the cabinet room was the topic of discussion in the Washington clubs.

But Mr. Roosevelt did not confine himself to making speeches in favor of the war and working out plans for the actual conflict, but he did everything possible to get ready for hostilities so that the outbreak of the war might not find the United States wholly unprepared. Though he was only assistant secretary and his duties consisted in the main in carrying out the orders of his superior, Secretary Long, he saw to it that his commands were carried out with energy and

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despatch. He aroused the whole sluggish, awkward government machinery and was the soul of the Navy Department. Secretary Long could very truthfully say of him after he had resigned, "He was very efficient in the discharge of his duties, and the entire department felt the stimulus of his personality for a long time."

The care of the fleet rested in a large measure on his shoulders, and it had to be taken for granted that, in case of war with Spain, the navy would have enough to do. In order to acquaint himself with naval affairs, he studied carefully the technical naval literature of the English, the French, and the Germans, and made himself thoroughly familiar with the condition of the Spanish navy. The *Lista de Buques* informed him as to the number and tonnage of the Spanish ships, and though he knew that much of what he found there, although it looked well on paper, was old and worm-eaten, nevertheless he was worried to know that the Spaniards, on account of their torpedo-destroyers, had an advantage over the American fleet. The motion of Senator Lodge to appropriate money to build more torpedo-destroyers had not carried, and Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, looked forward with some anxiety to a sea-fight. That the Spanish destroyers did not seriously harm the American fleet was not due to the superiority of the American ships but to the inactivity and mistakes of the Spanish officers.

Congress had refused the request for a very large

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appropriation for increasing the navy, it granted, however, other important concessions to Mr. Roosevelt. Soon after entering upon the duties of his office, he asked for \$500,000 for the purpose of buying ammunition, and Congress gave it to him. But when a few months later he sought \$800,000 more for the same purpose, Congress hesitated and inquired what he had done with the first \$500,000. Mr. Roosevelt replied that he had used it in buying powder and guns and that every grain of the powder had been consumed. He also said that the \$800,000 asked for would be spent for ammunition for target practice. Congress voted the second allowance, also.

In this way, he saw to it that the sailor boys were instructed in shooting, "for in war," he once said, "only the shots that hit count." But he did not stop with target practice. He bought and manned ships for the invasion of Cuba, which he saw must ultimately be made. He enlisted and drilled recruits, and did all in his power to remove the old jealousy between the officers and the engineers. He united the warships of the Atlantic into one squadron, that they might have an opportunity for manœuvring, so that there might be concerted action when the hour came for an attack upon Cuba or the coast of Spain. The torpedo-boats were organized into a flotilla and thoroughly disciplined. He recalled the smaller vessels from European and South American waters and selected the steamers, which, in case of war, were to be used as

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auxiliary cruisers, and held them in readiness. He collected provisions and coal, and munitions of war of every description, and stored them at suitable places. It was due to the foresight of Mr. Roosevelt that Admiral Dewey found ammunition and coal at Hong Kong at the outbreak of the war and was thus enabled to reach Manila a week before he had been expected.

That Mr. Roosevelt encountered many difficulties in the discharge of his duties is not surprising. There have always been people who are ready to take advantage of their country in an hour of need. He met with a painful experience when he came to buy coal vessels at the beginning of the war. Many boats were offered to him, it is true, but they were in such miserable condition that they were far more ready for the dry-dock than for carrying coal on the high sea; and the prices demanded for them were enormous — frequently wholly out of proportion to their value if they had been in good repair.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt might have compiled the names of the ships, their owners, and the quality of the vessels and the prices demanded for them and published the list in the newspapers. That would have created a sensation, and the owners would have been marked; but the excitement of the people would have soon subsided and the government would have had no ships. If, on the other hand, he paid the prices asked by the agents, who were unwilling to take less inasmuch as they knew that the government was at their

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mercy, he might expect at the close of the war to be reprimanded or even sued for mismanagement of public business, for the prices demanded were many times what could be got for the vessels in time of peace. But there was no way out of the dilemma. The government had to have ships and there was no other way to get them. That he protested against the exorbitant prices and sometimes expressed his ill-humor and disgust with the men who demanded them, the words of Mr. Leupp,* who was an eye witness to one interview between Mr. Roosevelt and an agent for the owners of some vessels, will show:

“ I burst in upon him one day at the department without warning, and found him in the middle of the floor, indulging in some very spirited talk to a visitor. As I was hastily withdrawing, he called me back.

“ ‘ Stay here,’ said he; ‘ I want to see you.’ Then he abruptly turned from me and again faced the third party, in whom I recognized, as the light fell on his face, a lawyer of some prominence and an office-holder under a former administration. Mr. Roosevelt’s teeth were set, and very much in evidence, in the peculiar way they always are when he is angry. His spectacle-lenses seemed to throw off electric sparks as his head moved quickly this way and that in speaking; and his right fist came down from time to time upon the opposite palm as if it were an adversary’s face. And this was about the way he delivered himself:

“ ‘ Don’t you feel ashamed to come to me to-day with another offer, after what you did yesterday? Don’t you think

* From Leupp’s “ The Man Roosevelt.” Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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that to sell one rotten ship to the Government is enough for a single week? Are you in such a hurry that you couldn't wait even over Sunday to force your damaged goods upon the United States? Is it an excess of patriotism that brings you here day after day, in this way, or only your realization of our necessities?'

" 'Why, our clients—' began the lawyer.

" 'Yes, I know all about your clients,' burst in the assistant secretary. 'I congratulate them on having an attorney who will do work for them which he wouldn't have the face to do for himself. I should think, after having enjoyed the honors you have at the hands of the Government, you'd feel a keen pride in your present occupation! No, I don't want any more of your old tubs. The one I bought yesterday is good for nothing except to sink somewhere in the path of the enemy's fleet. It will be God's mercy if she doesn't go down with brave men on her—men who go to war and risk their lives, instead of staying home to sell rotten hulks to the Government.'

" The air of the attorney as he bowed himself out was almost pitiable. The special glint did not fade from Mr. Roosevelt's glasses, nor did his jaws relax or his fist unclench, till the door closed on the retreating figure. Then his face lighted with a smile as he advanced to greet me.

" 'You came just in time,' he cried. 'I wanted you to hear what I had to say to that fellow; not'—and here his voice rose on the high falsetto wave which is always a sign that he is enjoying an idea while framing it in words—'not that it would add materially to the sum of *your* pleasure, but that it would humiliate *him* to have any one else present while I gave him his punishment. It is the only means I have of getting even.'"

In spite of all such difficulties, Mr. Roosevelt adhered firmly to his purpose to prepare the American navy for a war with Spain. In the meantime, the

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waves of national indignation against Spain rose higher and higher. It needed only some outside stimulus to enkindle that indignation into the flames of war.

The fatal stimulus came. Apparently as an act of national courtesy but in reality for the protection of American interests in Cuba, the United States sent the battleship *Maine* to Havana, and on the evening of February 15, 1898, it was blown up in Havana harbor and two hundred and sixty American sailors were killed.

The Spaniards were at once accused of having caused the explosion. The court of inquiry, composed of Americans and Spaniards, which was immediately appointed, could not agree. The Americans maintained that the disaster was due to a mine which had been accidentally or purposely set off; the Spaniards insisted that one of the ship's own magazine chests had exploded. No definite proof could be found to show that any one was to blame for the destruction of the vessel and the death of the sailors. The American people were almost wild with rage against Spain and clamored loudly for war.

President McKinley in response to the demand of the people asked Spain to withdraw her land and naval forces from Cuba before April 23. Spain replied by recalling her plenipotentiary from Washington, and handing the American representative at Madrid his passport. War now actually existed, and on April 20,

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1898, President McKinley issued a proclamation to that effect.

The finished programme which we have already spoken of Mr. Roosevelt's presenting to President McKinley and his cabinet provided not only that Cuba should be made the scene of war, but that the Spanish possessions in the East should also be taken. The man to whom he wished to entrust that task was Admiral Dewey. Though Admiral Dewey was called a fop and dandy in the United States, Mr. Roosevelt knew that he had a lion's heart and would know the right moment to strike. He had already been sent into Chinese waters where he was to stay till he received the orders which should call him into action. When the War Department ordered the *Olympia* home, Mr. Roosevelt got the order revoked and sent a cablegram to Admiral Dewey, "Keep the *Olympia*. Provide yourself with coal."

Mr. Roosevelt had done all in his power to get the fleet in war trim, and hardly had President McKinley declared war, when Mr. Roosevelt signed the despatch to Admiral Dewey which ordered him to sail into the port of Manila and to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet. Only the extensive preparations of Mr. Roosevelt made it possible for Admiral Dewey to enter Manila Bay on the night of April 30 and May 1 and to destroy all the Spanish ships but one in a fight of less than two hours.

Mr. Roosevelt considered his work as done at the

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outbreak of the war. He had made preparations for the struggle, had sharpened the weapons of war; and now asked to be relieved. "I have nothing more to do here," he said, "I must go to war myself." President McKinley and Secretary of the Navy Long both urged him to keep his position, as they felt he was more needed there than at the front. His friends also attempted to dissuade him from exposing himself to the vicissitudes of a campaign; the women of the cabinet reminded him that he had six children, the oldest of whom was only ten and the youngest a few months, and that he would leave a great responsibility on his wife if he went and were killed — besides the sacrifice was not necessary, as there were many young men who were ready and eager to go. But in spite of all entreaties he stuck to his purpose. "I have done what I could to bring about the war," he said, "because I believed that it would come anyway sooner or later; now that it has come, I have no right to ask others to fight it out while I remain at home." He, therefore, closed up his affairs and started for the South as soon as a suitable command could be found for him.

CHAPTER VIII

ROOSEVELT IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

THE regular army of the United States, which ought, according to law, to number thirty thousand men, consisted at the opening of the Spanish-American War of only twenty-six thousand; and, as the fighting strength of the militia of the various States is not great, a call for volunteers was issued. Congress further provided for the enlisting of three regiments of cavalry, as it was thought that the plains of the West and Southwest with their many bold riders and fearless marksmen would furnish very dashing and successful chargers.

Mr. Roosevelt and his friend Leonard Wood, who also wished to take an active part in the war, had for days been trying to get a suitable command. Several generals agreed to take them on their staffs; but they declined on the ground that they preferred to go to the front. Mr. Wood had hoped to get a commission from his native State, Massachusetts, and Mr. Roosevelt had applied to the colonel of the Seventy-first, with whom he was acquainted, but both had been rejected. The secretary of war, Mr. Alger, offered Mr.

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Roosevelt one of the three new cavalry regiments to be organized. Although Mr. Roosevelt had belonged to the State militia of New York from 1884 to 1888 and had served as lieutenant and for three years as captain in the Eighth Regiment, he had had no war experience and did not feel capable of taking command of a regiment. He, therefore, replied to the secretary of war that he should be satisfied as lieutenant colonel if his friend Wood were made colonel. It would take at least a month, he said, to learn how to lead a regiment, and even a month he did not like to waste in that way. President McKinley and Mr. Alger approved of Mr. Roosevelt's plan and appointed Wood as colonel and Roosevelt as lieutenant colonel of the First Volunteer Regiment of "Rough Riders."

Colonel Leonard Wood had been originally a physician and surgeon, and, as a member of the medical staff, had been with General Miles against the Apaches. Being naturally a man of strong physique and free from debilitating excesses of every kind, he had hardened himself until he was almost equal to the Apache in power of physical endurance. Though he was a doctor, he had a certain longing for adventure which prompted him to like the life of a warrior. He had received the medal for courage shown in several expeditions under his leadership against the Indians. His friendship with Mr. Roosevelt was only of late date, for he was assistant secretary of war when Mr. Roosevelt became acquainted with him. The two men

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soon found that they had much in common: they were both men of strong personality; they both had high ideals of public service; and they both believed thoroughly in the war with Spain and realized the importance of prosecuting it with vigor.

The assistance of his more experienced friend was a great help to Mr. Roosevelt, but the favor bestowed was not all on one side. Colonel Wood would have found difficulty in equipping the regiment in the time at their disposal had it not been for the aid of Mr. Roosevelt. The regiment was to be raised from the Southern and Western States: from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas. No sooner was it known that Mr. Roosevelt was to be on the staff of the regiment than requests for enlistment poured in from all sides. A brigade, or even a division, it seemed, could easily have been formed, and it was often difficult to decide who should be accepted.

The difficulty was made all the greater from the fact that the regiment was at first limited to seven hundred and eighty men and in a general way to the States before mentioned. Later the number was raised to one thousand men, and Mr. Roosevelt was able to enlist some men from other States who were especially desirable applicants. It was a strange combination that was finally brought together. The majority of the men were cowboys, who had been used to the saddle and knew how to use their guns. To them were added the hunter of the backwoods, who

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was not afraid to follow the grizzly bear into his own wilderness alone, the trap-setter of the Rockies, the path-finder and the Indian fighter, and even the Indian himself. And alongside the sons of the prairies were members of the most aristocratic clubs of New York and Boston, students of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton who had begged to be enlisted as privates, and even members of the New York police force sought a place under their former chief. These men were not received, however, unless they could prove superior ability as horsemen and as shooters and were physically able to endure the hardships to which the men of the plains were accustomed.

To transform such a mixed company into an efficient regiment was a task to stagger less determined men than Wood and Roosevelt. Even Mr. Roosevelt's optimism was not proof against doubt when he saw the various classes represented in the regiment. There were men enlisted with whom he had one time been on familiar terms: there was a Harvard student, a well-known sportsman in Roosevelt's college days, and Robert Monroe Ferguson, who had had an interest in Roosevelt's farm on the Little Missouri and had been his companion on many a hunting trip. These men had both enlisted as privates, and there were other men in the ranks that he had, at one time or another, known in a less intimate way. About fifty of these men who had enlisted in Washington, he called together before the oath was administered and ex-

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plained to them what they might expect. He told them that they would not only have to fight but that they would have to do disagreeable, monotonous work day in and day out; that they would have to defy fever as well as the bullets of the enemy; that they would have to hold themselves in readiness to obey every command without hesitation, were it to occupy a fort or to charge the enemy. He informed them further that no soldier had a right to complain but that it was his duty to do faithfully and cheerfully whatever he was commanded. He then said that they were still at liberty to go back to their homes if they wished, but that, after they had taken the oath, there would be no turning aside, no giving up. But not one faltered. They were sent immediately to San Antonio where the regiment was to be formed. Colonel Wood went to take charge of the regiment, but Mr. Roosevelt remained in Washington a few days longer in order to hasten as much as possible the regimental supplies.

Colonel Wood and Mr. Roosevelt were very eager to get into the firing line. They knew, however, that the most difficult work would be given to the regular army, and they did all in their power to get for their regiment the same equipment as was given to the regular army, in the hope that their regiment might be joined to a brigade of the regular army and sent to the front, even if the war lasted only a short time.

In the matter of equipment, they were successful. They received for their regiment the Krag-Joergensen

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carbines of the same pattern then in use in the cavalry of the standing army. As sabres were entirely unknown to the sons of the prairies, the leaders decided to substitute for the sabres revolvers, with which the men had been familiar all their lives. On account of the energetic action of Mr. Roosevelt, the equipment was on hand in a very short time, and the necessary drilling begun, which was not as difficult as it might appear, for the regiment was not drilled for parade but for service in the field. The task was made much easier because the officers as well as the men in the ranks were eager to learn everything as quickly as possible, for they knew that only by so doing could they hope to get to the front. Besides, the men were already skilled horsemen and crack shots; they needed only to be drilled to act in concert and to obey commands instantly.

Those who know something of the time necessary to drill an ordinary regiment for the regular army will be surprised to learn that in one month the First Regiment of Rough Riders could bear a very favorable comparison with the regulars. One would be tempted to believe that Wood and Roosevelt were satisfied with a mastery of the more important movements and excused the rest by saying that a regiment could not be thoroughly drilled in so short a time, and besides, that they wished to give to the men as much freedom as possible. But such was not the case. With the exception of the use of the sabre, which we have

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already said was not attempted at all, all the manoeuvres of the cavalry of the regular army were practised. Though with us the parade drill is usually learned more readily than the drill in the open field, with Roosevelt's regiment it was different. They learned quickly how to act on the firing line, on patrol and on outpost duty and encountered their greatest trouble in the parade drills.

Many of the men had lived in the saddle and had scarcely walked a mile in their lives. To them marching on foot was torture. On the other hand, they had in the main grown up upon the frontiers; they knew what it was to meet unlooked-for dangers and to take the advantage of every possible covering which nature offered them; and above all they had acquired an individual independence and initiative which made the service in the open field easy for them.

Much more interesting and comfortable for them became the work when they began drill on horseback. Every morning the regiment marched out into the country near San Antonio for drill and was put through all the manoeuvres known to the regular cavalry service. In addition, they were trained as mounted infantry, a form of service which appealed to Mr. Roosevelt very strongly, for the reason that it unites the merits of cavalry and infantry: it has the mobility of cavalry and the fighting supremacy of infantry. During our own colonial wars of recent years, the mounted infantry has come into its own.

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In spite of his confidence in mounted infantry, Mr. Roosevelt thought highly of the effectiveness of cavalry properly trained, and he drilled his regiment accordingly. He says in his "Rough Riders":*

"As it turned out, we were not used mounted at all, so that our preparations on this point came to nothing. In a way, I have always regretted this. We thought we should at least be employed as cavalry in the great campaign against Havana in the fall; and from the beginning I began to train my men in shock tactics for use against hostile cavalry. My belief was that the horse was really the weapon with which to strike the first blow. I felt that if my men could be trained to hit their adversaries with their horses, it was a matter of small amount whether, at the moment when the onset occurred, sabres, lances, or revolvers were used; while in the subsequent *mêlée* I believed the revolver would out-class cold steel as a weapon. But this is all guesswork, for we never had occasion to try the experiment."

The regiment camped near San Antonio, and after drill, in the evenings, there were lively times about there. In the beginning, the men were not as careful as they might have been in regard to cleanliness, but Colonel Wood made that his particular duty and soon they had a neat and orderly camp. The spirit of the men was excellent. All of them were there because they wanted to be, they were eager to learn so that they could go to the front, and willingly obeyed all orders without murmuring. The strict discipline of

*"The Rough Riders," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright England and America, Charles Scribner's Sons.

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the soldier's life may have been hard for some of the backwoodsmen and rangers; but they never complained and, if they failed in the discharge of any duty, they failed through ignorance, not from design.

* The relation existing between the men was most friendly. For instance, a cook one day summoned the colonel and three majors to dinner with these words: "If you fellows don't come soon, everything will be cold." A private soldier who had learned the manual of arms with difficulty proudly presented arms when Mr. Roosevelt passed, and added with a friendly nod of the head, "Good-evening, Colonel." One night when the mosquitoes were very annoying, Colonels Wood and Roosevelt stepped out of their tents and saw a soldier on guard who was also fighting mosquitoes. He put his gun aside, sat down on the ground and began deliberately to hunt for an insect which had got up his leg. When he perceived that his superiors were watching, he nodded in a friendly manner and remarked as though it were no breach of military etiquette, "These insects are intolerable." Such little, unmilitary slips of the tongue were always taken as they were meant, and one word was sufficient to remind the men that they were soldiers.

* A particularly picturesque group, one possible only in an American regiment, were the Indians. They belonged to the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks, and were in only a few cases full-bloods.

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These native Americans were always on the best terms with their white brothers.

Roosevelt says, in the book previously quoted:

“ Not all of the Indians were from the Indian Territory. One of the gamest fighters and best soldiers in the regiment was Pollock, a full-blooded Pawnee. He had been educated, like most of the other Indians, at one of those admirable Indian schools which have added so much to the total of the small credit account with which the white race balance the very unpleasant debit account of its dealings with the red. Pollock was a silent, solitary fellow—an excellent penman, much given to drawing pictures. When we got down to Santiago he developed into the regimental clerk. I never suspected him of having a sense of humor until one day, at the end of our stay in Cuba, as he was sitting in the adjutant’s tent working over the returns, there turned up a trooper of the First who had been acting as barber. Eying him with immovable face Pollock asked, in a guttural voice, ‘ Do you cut hair ? ’ The man answered ‘ Yes ’; and Pollock continued, ‘ Then you ’d better cut mine,’ muttering, in an explanatory soliloquy, ‘ Don’t want to wear my hair long like a wild Indian when I ’m in civilized warfare.’ ”

“ Another Indian came from Texas. He was a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, and wrote telling me he was an American Indian, and that he wanted to enlist. His name was Colbert, which at once attracted my attention; for I was familiar with the history of the Cherokees and Chickasaws during the eighteenth century, when they lived east of the Mississippi. Early in that century various traders, chiefly Scotchmen, settled among them, and the half-breed descendants of one named Colbert became the most noted chiefs of the Chickasaws. I summoned the applicant before me, and found that he was an excellent man, and, as I had supposed, a descendant of the old Chickasaw chiefs.

“ He brought into the regiment, by the way, his ‘ partner,’ ”

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a white man. The two had been inseparable companions for some years, and continued so in the regiment. Every man who has lived in the West knows that, vindictive though the hatred between the white man and the Indian is when they stand against one another in what may be called their tribal relations, yet that men of Indian blood, when adopted into white communities, are usually treated precisely like any one else.

"Colbert was not the only Indian whose name I recognized. There was a Cherokee named Adair, whom, upon inquiry, I found to be descended from the man who, a century and a half ago, wrote a ponderous folio, to this day of great interest, about the Cherokees, with whom he had spent the best years of his life as a trader and agent.

"I don't know that I ever came across a man with a really sweeter nature than another Cherokee named Holderman. He was an excellent soldier, and for a long time acted as cook for the headquarters mess. He was a half-breed, and came of a soldier stock on both sides and through both races. He explained to me once why he had come to the war; that it was because his people always had fought when there was a war, and he could not feel happy to stay at home when the flag was going into battle."

On May 29, the regiment received the long-looked-for order to go to the front. Their first stopping place was Tampa, Florida, and the transport steamer did not really weigh anchor until June 13.

The journey from San Antonio to Tampa was a trying one. They were on the train forty-eight hours, and when they reached their destination, they found that no preparations had been made for them, no food for the men, no water for the horses. They got off the train nine miles out of Tampa because they knew

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that they would be in worse shape if they entered the city under the circumstances. Colonel Wood ordered camp pitched in the most desirable place he could find. The commissary, however, was helpless, he could do nothing for men nor horses; and Mr. Roosevelt bought provisions out of his own pocket, and for the time the regiment was provided for.

A few days later an order was received from Tampa for the regiment to take the train for Tampa at 2:00 A.M. But that order contained also a disappointment, for it called for only eight companies of seventy men each and commanded that all the horses and the greater part of the baggage should be left behind. The regiment originally consisted of ten companies of one hundred men each, and the selection of those who should go was a hard task. The men begged and wept like children not to be left behind. It was also a severe blow to the cowboys to be compelled to give up their horses. But they did not complain, and those who drew the lucky lots were jubilant and ready to start at 2:00 A.M.

But the difficulties were not yet ended. They had been ordered to go, but no way had been prepared to reach Tampa. Mr. Roosevelt was afraid that the whole regiment would be left behind, because they could not get on their transports in time. Regiments of regulars entered the empty coaches but they seemed no better off than the volunteers, for the cars did not move. Some distance away was another line leading

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to Tampa and the regiment was marched through the darkness to it, but with no better result. At last, however, Mr. Roosevelt found a number of empty coal cars of which he immediately took possession. He appealed to an engineer to run the train to Tampa on the best time possible. Covered with coal dust, they finally reached the pier at Tampa and saw the transport ships in waiting. The men were bubbling over with joy for they thought they should soon be upon the water.

But the troubles of the regiment were not yet over, at least for the commanders. They could not find out which steamer they were to take. They inquired of every general they saw, but no one seemed to know anything about it. For hours they searched for the quartermaster, who ought to know, but they could not find him. It was insisted that he slept on one of the transports while thousands of men were waiting for his orders. Be that as it may, he was at last found, and ordered the "Rough Riders" to the *Yucatan*.

Then by chance Mr. Roosevelt learned that the quartermaster had selected the same ship for two other regiments. He, therefore, hastened to his regiment and brought them on double-quick to the water, while Colonel Wood went out to the *Yucatan*, which lay in mid-stream, and had her brought to the land. In spite of the protests of other regiments, that had now put in an appearance, the "Rough Riders," without horses, went on board. After thirty-six hours of

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hard work and more trying excitement, the men were glad of a rest upon the transport.

But their patience was to be tried yet further. On account of a rumor—a false rumor, as was afterwards learned—that Spanish warships were coming between Florida and Cuba, Major-General Shafter ordered the departure to be postponed until the way was clear. For six days the transports were held in Tampa by the groundless fear of a hostile war-vessel. Time hung heavily on the hands of the soldiers who were eager for a fight; and everybody breathed a sigh of relief when the transports moved out into the open sea, under the protection of the American warships.

The destination of the transports was known only to General Shafter, which was strange, for up to this time the War Department had let all their plans be published in such a way that the Spaniards always knew beforehand what the Americans were going to do. For instance, the despatching of a fast cruiser to Cuban waters for the purpose of finding out what was being done there was announced in the American press two days before the departure of the ship, so that the Spaniards were looking for it when it hove in sight and watched its movements with interest. For these reasons, the sealed orders under which the transports were sailing kept the excitement of the soldiers at the highest pitch, for they felt that something was in the wind.

The voyage itself was not particularly pleasant.

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The men were crowded together like sardines in a box; the water was bad; the meat, poor. But since they were all jolly young men inured to privations, they did not feel the discomforts so much; and then, too, they knew that the voyage would be short and they could stand anything for a time.

The transports, thirty in all, with fifteen thousand men on board, in a long line one behind the other headed south, then east, closely guarded by all kinds of warships, from mail-ships and fast cruisers to regular battleships and torpedo boats. When on the seventh day the fleet turned south again, they knew that they were going to Santiago. On the morning of June 22, the *Yucatan* cast anchor in the port of Daiquiri, a few miles east of Santiago.

The same confusion that accompanied the embark-ing reigned again when they came to land. After the warships had bombarded Daiquiri and vicinity for a time to drive away any Spaniards who might offer resistance to the landing, each commanding officer had to see to it himself that his regiment got to shore. On account of the small number of boats and the strong surf that was rolling upon the coast, it took several days for the entire expedition to disembark. Mr. Roosevelt's regiment was one of the first to get ashore, for the commander of one of the smaller warships, who had been his adjutant while he was secretary of the navy, helped in getting the regiment ashore. The entire regiment was enabled to disembark during

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the afternoon. The horses of the officers and the few mules that they were permitted to take with them were on another transport; they were thrown into the water to swim to land. One of Mr. Roosevelt's two horses was drowned, but the other one swam ashore.

The corps which, under the command of Major-General Shafter, was to carry on the war in Cuba, consisted of two infantry divisions and one cavalry, of three brigades each. Major-General Wheeler, a veteran of the Civil War and a dashing cavalry leader, commanded the cavalry. His second brigade was under Brigadier-General Young, and was composed of the First and the Tenth Regiments of regular cavalry, the latter a negro regiment, and the First Regiment of Volunteers, usually known as the "Rough Riders." The first detachment of infantry which went ashore was under the command of Brigadier-General Lawson; they took upon themselves to protect the landing from the enemy and that very afternoon came in contact with Spaniards who, instead of contesting the landing of the troops as they might easily have done on account of the nature of the ground, withdrew, without striking a blow, toward Santiago.

But old General Wheeler, who had command on land as long as General Shafter was with the ships, prided himself on dealing the first blow with his cavalry, though he had very few horses. He ordered General Young to advance early the next morning from the little village of Siboney toward Santiago and to attack

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the enemy wherever found. Roosevelt started early in the afternoon for Siboney to join the other regiments of the brigade. About midnight the "Rough Riders" reached their destination and went into camp for a few hours of restless sleep before they should receive the order to advance again. Their baggage had not yet come ashore and the soldiers had only what food they carried with them. The officers had none. Colonel Roosevelt's equipment consisted of a rain-coat and a tooth-brush.

Two roads, from one to one and a half miles apart, lead from Siboney to Santiago. The eastern is the better road; the western is, in fact, no more than a pathway over the mountain and through dense woods. The valley between the two roads is covered with a heavy undergrowth. General Young advanced on the eastern road with the First and the Tenth Regiments and Wood and Roosevelt took the western (to the left) over the mountains. The two roads come together near the small village of Las Guasimas, and there the two commands were to unite.

The first news to reach Washington from the scene of war was of disaster. It was reported that Wood and Roosevelt, on account of recklessness and carelessness, had fallen into an ambush, that Wood was dead and the regiment badly cut up. The news caused great excitement in Washington and a member of Congress moved that Roosevelt be court-martialled.

Fortunately the rumor was false. It had origi-

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nated with one of the war reporters (eighty-nine of whom accompanied the army), who had met some wounded men from the regiment and drawn upon his imagination for the rest. In reality, the regiment had not fallen into an ambush nor was there any cause for the charge of carelessness or recklessness. That every precaution was taken is proved by the statement* of Richard Harding Davis, who followed the regiment as a correspondent:

“As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood took the precautions he was said to have neglected. He ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a ‘point’ of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were just at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the ‘point’ of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron’s troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physical impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the beaten trail.

“Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler’s staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel

* From “The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns,” by Richard Harding Davis. Copyright Charles Scribner’s Sons.

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Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who carried heavy burdens under a cruelly hot sun. To those who did not have to walk it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of southern California; it looked to me like the trail across Honduras. They advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating themselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that they were on horseback. They agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion for an hour and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

“‘Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks.’”

“The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward. There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled trees and chaparral. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.

“When we halted the men sat down beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satis-

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faction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had failed to attack us when we landed at Daiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the 'ready,' peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G Troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E Troops were deployed out in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being 'surprised,' he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired.

"The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I ran after G Troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them breaking their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like forcing the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket.

"At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with troopers, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and the heavy breathing of the men, or a crash as a vine pulled some one down, there was not a sign of a human be-

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ing anywhere. In a few minutes they all broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it."

During the fight the majority of the companies spread out on the left in a long line. Here Roosevelt was in command, and he tried to outflank the enemy on their right. On the right of the road, Colonel Wood, who was in command, closed up the gap between himself and the Tenth Regiment, under General Young. Young's troops advanced steadily in battle-line against the Spaniards, who had taken a well-covered position on a hill.

Continuing, Mr. Davis says: *

"It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours troubled sleep on the wet ground, and had then been marched in full equipment up hill and under a cruelly hot sun, right into action. Not one man in the regiment had ever fired a Krag-Jørgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges, and perhaps eighty per cent of them had never been under fire before. To this handicap was also added the nature of the ground and the fact that our men did not see their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one to retaliate upon in return, with no sign

* From "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," by Richard Harding Davis. Copyright Charles Scribner's Sons.

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that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns; then limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troop-ship trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this brave fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for every one in the regiment was engaged. Even those who, on account of the heat had dropped out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front — and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go — there was no other line.”

At last the left wing reached more open ground, and Colonel Roosevelt saw on the top of a wooded hill a decayed building, which the Spaniards held in force. It was apparently the key to the Spanish position in this part of the field — and later gave the name Guasimas to the battle. The order was forward and in short, quick jumps the line steadily approached the position. The difference in the manner in which the men from the East and those from the West advanced was noticeable. The men from the East jumped up at

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the order to advance, rushed straight forward with maddening haste and threw themselves breathless on the ground. Those, however, who had spent their lives in the West slipped along like Indians from tree to tree, from one protection to another, and finally lay down in the firing line without having exposed themselves during the advance.

When the column was within about 500 yards of the redoubt, Mr. Roosevelt heard the shout of the Americans on the right and, supposing that the final attack was on in that part, ordered the left wing to charge. The "Rough Riders" approached the works on the double-quick in spite of the lively fire which the Spaniards kept up at first. When they reached the Spanish position, they found only two dead men and a pile of empty shells. The enemy had withdrawn in good order with all his baggage with him in the direction of Santiago.

The attack was general along the whole line at the time that Guasimas was taken. The Spaniards offered no further resistance and the way lay open to Santiago. As it became known later, General Linares had about four thousand men in the first attack; the Americans numbered not more than one thousand. Linares thought that the entire American army was in his front, because he could account for the fierceness of the assault in no other way. The Spaniards themselves testified that the "Rough Riders" advanced as if they wished to seize them with their

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hands. They advanced, however, in single file with no support behind them to fall back on in case they met the enemy in too great numbers. When the last stronghold was taken, the regiment halted for rest, for no one thought of following the enemy on account of the exhausted condition of the troops.

During the battle, Roosevelt heard that Colonel Wood was killed, and he immediately took command of the regiment. The report happily proved to be false; but two days later General Young was stricken with fever and the command of the brigade devolved upon Wood, and Roosevelt was left in command of the "Rough Riders."

The government's insufficient preparation for the campaign soon became apparent. Though the army in the front had driven back the enemy and were ready to follow up the victory and to attack the Spaniards in their stronghold at Santiago, it could not do it, for, though men and provisions continued to be landed, supplies could not be got to the men in the field. The wounded and the sick could with difficulty be carried to the shore. Colonel Roosevelt felt that he must have provisions for his men, and he, therefore, took the horses of the officers and the few mules that were at his disposal and sent them to the shore after supplies.

The men succeeded in getting a large quantity of salt pork and hard-tack, but everything else was denied them, even coffee. Mr. Roosevelt led his regi-

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ment a few miles farther inland and pitched camp for several days. Only with the greatest difficulty and at his own expense did he succeed in getting a few vegetables for his men. To add to the difficulty showers fell every afternoon with unceasing regularity. The soldiers had no change of clothing, and the clothing they did have was unsuited to a tropical climate. When the men got wet, they had to let their clothes dry on them or else sit naked while they were drying by a fire. The air reeked with miasma, and malaria soon broke out among the soldiers.

During these trying days Roosevelt himself was the life of the regiment. He fared no better than they. He even gave his rain-coat to a soldier whom he thought needed it worse than he. The men on their part were loyal to him, almost worshipped him on account of his faithfulness to their interests.

The camp of the "Rough Riders" was often visited by the military *attachés* of foreign countries. Mr. Roosevelt was on friendly terms with First Lieutenant Count von Goetzen, later governor of German East Africa, who together with Major von Reuben Paschwitz was at the scene of war as representative of the German War Department.

On June 30, the regiment received orders to break camp. One detachment after another passed them and finally the "Rough Riders" fell in behind. But the roads were full of soldiers and the advance was very slow. Night found them at El Poso Hill.

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The soldiers slept on their arms in the heart of a dense wood, where crabs abound from the size of a coffee cup to that of a large soup bowl. During the night the guards frequently fired at them thinking they were Spaniards as they slipped through the woods. Colonel Roosevelt inspected the guard himself and then snatched a few hours' sleep.

About six o'clock the next morning, the artillery opened fire. The Spaniards were assembled in force on the chain of hills which lie between El Poso and Santiago. At the foot of San Juan Hill flows the little Juan River, which the Americans had to wade in the face of the enemy. The whole country was covered with a dense undergrowth so that it was impossible to advance rapidly. Besides the lay of the ground the Spaniards had the further advantage of settled intrenchments, protected in front by wire fences. They had also apparently fixed the distance beforehand so that they almost always aimed correctly. Their position was especially hard to determine because they used smokeless powder.

The Spaniards had learned of the advance of the Americans by means of a chained balloon which went up in front of their lines. It offered a fine target and attracted the fire to such an extent that the detachments near it were showered with bullets. They were all glad when it was, at last, shot to pieces and taken down.

It was planned that the infantry should bear the

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brunt of the battle that day. After passing the ford, the detachments marched to the right, parallel to the river, to their position in the line of battle. The Ninth Infantry was on the extreme right and to its left the Sixth and Third. In the second line on the extreme right, behind the Ninth Infantry, the "Rough Riders" took their stand, partly covered by the sloping bank of the river from the Spanish bullets. To their left stood the First and Tenth Regiments of cavalry. As the bullets continually fell into their ranks, their position was a dangerous one and Roosevelt wanted to advance. But the colonel of the Ninth Infantry was not present, and Roosevelt, therefore, asked that his men might pass through the ranks of the Ninth to the attack. When Colonel Roosevelt gave the order to charge and rode ahead of his men with sword in hand, the men of the Ninth Infantry could not longer be restrained and rushed ahead with the "Rough Riders" without waiting for the command. Up they went, never halting, into the murderous fire of the Spaniards who were stationed on what was later called "Kettle Hill," on account of an immense kettle for boiling sugar which was found there.

About the same time that Roosevelt advanced on the right, the Sixth and Third Regiments of infantry charged on the left. When they reached the top of the hill, they were raked by a deadly fire from the Spaniards, who had retreated to a heavily intrenched hill

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further on. From his position on Kettle Hill, Colonel Roosevelt saw that the Americans on his left were hard pressed by the Spaniards; and, as the colonels of the other regiments on the right had either been killed or wounded, he took command himself and ordered a charge on San Juan block-house. Under a continuous fire, the line advanced nearer and nearer the enemy's stronghold; and finally, when the four machine guns which had been given the "Rough Riders" came into action, their noise increased the excitement to the highest pitch. Colonel Roosevelt, who was always in the front line, seized the critical moment and ordered a charge.

But the noise was so terrific that the men did not hear him. When he had run one hundred yards in a perfect hail-storm of bullets, he found that he had only five men with him, one of whom just then fell mortally wounded, while another was shot through the leg. Without an expression of pain, he asked Roosevelt to put his canteen where he could reach it. He did so, and, leaving the three men where they were, he rushed back to the main line. He angrily upbraided them for not following him. They declared that they had not heard the command and asked him to give it again.

When he gave the order the second time, over the wire fence they went like a storm-wind, "Rough Riders" and infantry, white and colored, in one mighty onrushing mass of men. The valley through

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which they had to pass was somewhat wide and many gave out while running. The long-legged fellows out-distanced the shorter men in the race. But it did not matter, for the Spaniards did not wait for a hand-to-hand fight, but retreated as before. Only a few were found in the intrenchments and these were either captured or shot down. The intrenchments were full of dead men whose light blue uniforms indicated that they belonged to the regular army of Spain. Almost all were shot through the head, as their bodies were protected by the breastworks.

But the enemy had not given up the attack altogether; they had only withdrawn to their reserves and now began firing more fiercely than ever, from behind other intrenchments. But now for the first time since the battle began the Americans were protected by fortifications. The soldiers were exhausted from the fourteen hours of continual fighting and marching, and to renew the struggle was out of the question. Roosevelt immediately set about to restore order in his ranks and to get the men into their proper regiments at least, for he still held command of the entire right wing. Though the Spanish bullets were still doing damage around him, he gave his orders with perfect coolness. Only once during the battle was he wounded and then only slightly in the hand. The soldiers who had seen him in the thickest of the fight became more convinced than ever that he was bullet-proof.

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Once the Spaniards tried to win back the hill, but they were easily repulsed by the Americans from their sheltered position. The Americans dug ditches and prepared to pass the night in them. Two "Rough Riders" found a camp outfit belonging to Spanish officers, the provisions of which they generously divided with the rest of the boys, in accordance with the custom in the regiment. Though the men were wet with perspiration at the close of the day and soon were chilled by the mist upon the mountain till their limbs were stiff, they immediately fell asleep on account of fatigue. They were aroused at three A.M. by the firing of the Spaniards, but, as the enemy did not advance to attack, the regiment was soon asleep again.

Both parties maintained their positions till the fall of Santiago a few days later, July 17. Occasional shots were exchanged between the two armies from time to time, but, as Colonel Roosevelt had ordered the intrenchments in his front strengthened, his regiment suffered no further injuries. The regiment lost, killed and wounded, on the day of battle eighty-nine men out of four hundred and ninety engaged. At first Roosevelt experienced some difficulty in getting supplies for his men, but after the third day they became more regular. Besides, on account of some money which some friends in New York placed at his disposal, he was able to give his men many things which the Department of War did not furnish.

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After the capitulation of Santiago, the "Rough Riders" were sent to the coast, where they pitched camp in the vicinity of El Caney. The Spaniards had surrendered, but another enemy began unceasing attacks: malaria fever broke out among the soldiers. The authorities at Washington were afraid that it was the yellow fever, of which there were in reality only twelve cases, while the malaria affected the whole army, and ordered the men to remain in Cuba till winter when all danger from the yellow plague would be over. Such a policy meant death to thousands of brave men. The army physicians and generals knew it and protested against it; but the War Department was firm. It ordered the camps to be changed from time to time as a precautionary measure, which would have been well enough if the men had been able to march. In many instances, the soldiers were not able to march a single mile, much less carry the necessary baggage for camp.

This order was about as wise as some others that were issued from the "green table" in Washington during the campaign. For example, the soldiers were forbidden to sleep on the uncovered ground but they were given nothing to cover the ground with. They were also commanded to boil all the water they drank, in spite of the fact that they often had to drink when they had not the slightest opportunity to boil the water. Again they were forbidden to sleep in wet clothes, but they were furnished with but one suit,

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which was soaked every afternoon with unceasing regularity, and the men would have been compelled to sleep naked on the ground if they had carried out the order of the department.

When General Shafter, who commanded the American forces in Cuba, received the telegram from the War Department directing him to lead the army into the interior and to hold it there, he called a council of war at the palace in Santiago, July 31. All of the division and brigade commanders and many officers of the medical department were present. As Wood had been made commandant of the city of Santiago after the surrender, Roosevelt took command of the brigade and rode on horseback to the council of war. The consensus of opinion was that the fate of thousands of men would be sealed if the order of the department was obeyed; but the officers hesitated to place a remonstrance before the secretary of war for fear that it might prove a handicap to them in their careers. Colonel Roosevelt then offered to take the initiative.

It was agreed that Roosevelt should write a letter to General Shafter in which he should explain the situation of the army and that General Shafter should pass the letter on. When the generals met on the following day to go over what Mr. Roosevelt had written, it was found that the other officers had, in the meantime, decided to send a joint-resolution to General Shafter. The upshot of the matter was that both

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letters were published, the joint-resolution and the private letter of Mr. Roosevelt. In spite of that, however, there are people to-day who accuse Mr. Roosevelt of insubordination. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Roosevelt, as well as every other man in the council, was actuated by the purest of motives. They all knew that the lives of thousands of brave men who had bled for their country's cause would be sacrificed if the army was kept on foreign soil. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt deserves even greater praise for his energetic action at this time than for his bravery at Guasimas, Kettle Hill, and San Juan Hill. President McKinley did not consider him guilty of insubordination but promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general and awarded him a medal of honor.

The letter, which created a sensation throughout the country and made him famous at once, is as follows:

“ MAJOR-GENERAL SHAFTER:

“ SIR: In meeting of the general and medical officers called by you at the Palace this morning we were all, as you know, unanimous in our views of what should be done with the army. To keep us here, in the opinion of every officer commanding a division or a brigade, will simply involve the destruction of thousands. There is no possible reason for not shipping practically the entire command north at once.

“ Yellow-fever cases are very few in the cavalry division, where I command one of the two brigades, and not one true case of yellow fever has occurred in this division, except

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among the men sent to the hospital at Siboney, where they have, I believe, contracted it.

“ But in this division there have been 1,500 cases of malarial fever. Hardly a man has yet died from it, but the whole command is so weakened and shattered as to be ripe for dying like rotten sheep, when a real yellow-fever epidemic instead of a fake epidemic, like the present one, strikes us, as it is bound to do if we stay here at the height of the sickness season, August and the beginning of September. Quarantine against malarial fever is much like quarantining against the toothache.

“ All of us are certain that as soon as the authorities at Washington fully appreciate the condition of the army, we shall be sent home. If we are kept here it will in all human possibility mean an appalling disaster, for the surgeons here estimate that over half the army, if kept here during the sickly season, will die.

“ This is not only terrible from the standpoint of the individual lives lost, but it means ruin from the standpoint of military efficiency of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here with you. The sick list, large though it is, exceeding four thousand, affords but a faint index of the debilitation of the army. Not twenty per cent are fit for active work.

“ Six weeks on the North Maine coast, for instance, or elsewhere, where the yellow-fever germ cannot possibly propagate, would make us all as fit as fighting cocks, as able as we are eager to take a leading part in the great campaign against Havana in the fall, even if we are not allowed to try Porto Rico.

“ We can be moved north, if moved at once, with absolute safety to the country, although, of course, it would have been infinitely better if we had been moved north or to Porto Rico two weeks ago. If there were any object in keeping us here, we would face yellow fever with as much indifference as we faced bullets. But there is no object.

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“ The four immune regiments ordered here are sufficient to garrison the city and surrounding towns, and there is absolutely nothing for us to do here, and there has not been since the city surrendered. It is impossible to move into the interior. Every shifting of camp doubles the sick rate in our present weakened condition, and, anyhow, the interior is rather worse than the coast, as I have found by actual reconnoissance. Our present camps are as healthy as any camps at this end of the island can be.

“ I write only because I cannot see our men, who have fought so bravely and who have endured extreme hardship and danger so uncomplainingly, go to destruction without striving so far as lies in me to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved.

“ Yours respectfully,

“ THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

“ *Colonel Commanding Second Cavalry Brigade.*”

The resolutions of the generals were of the same tenor, and when both were sent to headquarters, they had the desired effect. Within three days, the army in Cuba received orders to hold themselves in readiness to return home; and on August 6 the “ Rough Riders ” embarked on the *Miami* for the return trip.

The hardships of the journey, the poor provisions, the insect plague, were borne by the men with a light heart, for they thought that after a rest of a few weeks, they would enter the campaign against Havana. But when the regiment arrived at Montauk, on the east shore of Long Island, they learned that peace preliminaries were already in progress.

The men quickly regained their strength while in camp at Montauk, though very few of them were well

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when they reached Long Island. Mr. Roosevelt himself was one of the number who were in good health, although he had lost twenty pounds during the campaign. The men did almost as they pleased as long as they did not disturb any one. Mr. Roosevelt had his hands full, inasmuch as the regiment was soon to be discharged. Nevertheless he occasionally found time for a horseback ride or a swim. He often talked over with friends his experiences of the past few months.

Among other friends that visited Mr. Roosevelt while he was with his regiment at Montauk was Baron von Sternberg of the German embassy at Washington. The "Little Baron," as he was called, spent a whole week in camp. Colonel Roosevelt had asked at the beginning of the war for permission to take Baron von Sternberg with him in the campaign, but his request was not granted, so the two friends seized the opportunity to talk over together the things that they had not been permitted to share in common.

When the day for disbanding the regiment drew nigh, Mr. Roosevelt publicly addressed the regiment. He expressed his joy at being permitted to lead such a brave band of men, and at the same time, he exhorted them that now, as they were going home, they must not rest upon their laurels but that they must take up again their accustomed work with the same zeal and determination that they had shown in the campaign.

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On the following day, he was called out of his tent to find the entire regiment lined up before him. One of the men stepped out of the circle and presented to Mr. Roosevelt in the name of the regiment a bronze statue of Remington's "The Horse-Tamer," as an expression of good-will from the regiment that he had led through so many hardships and whose interests he had always so carefully guarded. After this all the men shook hands with him and thanked him individually for what he had done for them.

When the regiment was disbanded, Mr. Roosevelt also took up again the affairs of private life. But just as his men had become attached to him, he too entered heartily into the joys and sorrows of those who had endured so much with him while they were upon the soil of the enemy.

CHAPTER IX

ROOSEVELT AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK AND VICE- PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MR. ROOSEVELT was never a professional politician. What he has accomplished in a political way is due to his phenomenal popularity and not to the tricks of the demagogue. Professionalism in politics has always been distasteful to him. He has made it a point to appeal to the good sense of good people, and he has never appealed in vain. His political adversaries and friends have often been made to wonder at his influence with the people, an influence which he secures by no indirect and secret means, but by open and above-board methods. Often those who were at heart opposed to him felt themselves compelled to fall in line with him on account of the pressure which the people brought to bear upon them.

While Mr. Roosevelt was still with his regiment at Montauk, he was informed by his friends that they intended to nominate him for the governorship of New York. At first, he did not take favorably to the suggestion, and even told several of his friends that he preferred rather to remain with his regiment than to become governor of New York. The professional

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politicians were even less inclined to see Mr. Roosevelt placed in such an important position; they were perfectly willing that he should remain with his regiment. But inasmuch as the Democratic candidate had a large following and the man proposed by the Republican bosses could not hope to carry more than his own party, the leaders were forced to accept Mr. Roosevelt as the nominee in order to save the party from defeat.

Statesmen of the same type as Senator Platt, who was then the leader of the Republican party in New York, would have rejoiced to see Mr. Roosevelt return to his farm on the Little Missouri; they were entirely willing to run things in New York without him. They did not relish the idea of having the hero of Santiago, whom the people enthusiastically admired, present at the council-table of the party. They had not forgotten how, fifteen years before, though then a young man just out of college, he had broken traditions and thrown old customs to the wind in the General Assembly of New York; they remembered, too, that as a member of the Civil Service Commission he had struck hard and long at all sorts of political favoritism; and they held still fresh in mind that, as police president of New York City, he had completely ignored the leaders of the party and freed his department from all political control. They who regarded politics as a game at which they enriched themselves knew very well that, with Theodore Roosevelt in the gubernatorial

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torial chair at Albany, they could not ply their former trades. Nevertheless, they dared not openly oppose him for he was popular with the great masses of the people. The result was that Mr. Roosevelt was offered the nomination for governor and accepted it. The campaign opened up and speakers were sent into all parts of the State, but no enthusiasm was aroused. The people wished to see the Rough Rider in person. Finally, the managers of the campaign consented, somewhat against their will, to let Mr. Roosevelt take the platform. The situation was immediately changed. Old men said that they had never seen such interest manifested before in a gubernatorial race; the people flocked in great numbers to the places at which he was to speak. Excitement almost reached the presidential heat.

His appearance had something of the spectacular and picturesque in it, and appealed powerfully to the American people, though it would not have been to our liking. Four or five "Rough Riders" in khaki uniform accompanied him on his tour, and frequently made speeches in which they told how much they thought of their colonel and related reminiscences of the campaign which threw light upon the kindness, courage, and comradeship of Mr. Roosevelt. Though these things did not prove his fitness for the office of governor of the great State of New York, they did show him to have those traits of character which the American voter, deep down in his heart, admires.

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When the votes were counted, it was found that Mr. Roosevelt had carried the State by a majority of eighteen thousand. He was elected fairly, honestly. He had taken upon himself no obligations; he owed no party, no man, no set of men anything. He could enter upon the duties of his office bound only by the oath to enforce the laws of the commonwealth and to labor for the well-being of its people.

Though Mr. Roosevelt could enter upon the duties of his office unhampered by campaign pledges or campaign contributions, he found difficulties enough awaiting him. The leaders of the Republican party were only nominally his friends; they were in reality his enemies and tried to defeat all measures that were distasteful to them. But Mr. Roosevelt was not in the least daunted. Scarcely had he got settled in his office when he called the leaders of organized labor to see him. There were a number of laws on record, designed, in one way or another, to benefit the cause of labor. Some of them had not been passed with the idea of their being enforced and they were dead laws as far as effect was concerned; others had met with great opposition and had, therefore, been enforced only in a half-hearted way.

When the labor leaders appeared before him, he said, "The laws are for you. We shall examine them together to see whether they are good or not. If they are desirable laws, we shall see to it that they are strictly enforced; if they are not, we shall together

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apply to the legislature for better ones. But whatever the laws are, they must be enforced: we expect to have no dead laws."

In this frank way, he gave the leaders of labor to understand that he was interested in their welfare, but that they must make their interests conform to the law, that under no circumstances would non-enforcement of the law be winked at. In this, his first meeting with the leaders of organized labor, he convinced them that they had nothing to fear from him so long as they made themselves amenable to the law, and that he was as eager as they to have laws enacted that would be just to the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. And their confidence once established was not shaken during his term of office. He was always in close touch with the working men and, though he made demands of them that others could not have secured, he found them ready in the end to accede to any reasonable request. They trusted him because they knew that he was their friend.

The great masses of the people of the State rejoiced when Mr. Roosevelt made known his intention of having the railroads and other corporations pay a just proportion of the taxes. At once, his plan met with violent opposition from the friends of corporate wealth. They declared that it was only one of Roosevelt's impulsive notions, that it was neither desirable nor feasible. They attributed his error of judgment

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to his youthful enthusiasm, having forgotten evidently that years before, while a humble member of the lower house of the General Assembly, he protested against the custom of giving to corporations property for which private individuals would gladly pay a high price.

When the party leaders saw that Mr. Roosevelt was deadly in earnest and that he was actually at work upon a draft of a bill which he was going to have placed before the legislature, they, urged on by bribes from the corporations, approached him upon the subject. They informed him that he had had nothing of that kind in his platform.

“ ‘ More ’s the pity,’ responded the governor; ‘ it was a sad oversight, but I ’ll try to make it good.’ The corporations have always come down liberally when the campaign hat has been passed, argued the leaders. ‘ If you mean that they thought they were buying the Republican party,’ responded the governor, ‘ it is high time we should undeceive them.’ The corporations deserve just as much consideration as any one else at the hands of the State, argued the leaders. ‘ And conversely, are under just as great obligations to the State,’ responded the governor; ‘ that ’s why I ’m trying to even things up.’ There is great danger that when untrained legislators or assessors undertake a specialty like the valuation of franchises, they will blunder, argued the leaders. ‘ Then we ’ll call in the experts to help us frame our bill or trim it into shape,’ responded the governor; ‘ we ’ll have hearings for the corporations, and they will be represented by the best talent their means can command.’ ” *

* From Leupp’s “ The Man Roosevelt.” Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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The passage of such a measure would not have been easy at the beginning of the session; it was doubly difficult on account of the end of the session being so near at hand. The members of the legislature with whom Mr. Roosevelt talked about the bill seemed unwilling to assume the responsibility of putting it through. It became clear to the governor that some secret forces were at work to defeat his measure, and he, therefore, took refuge in the authority invested in him as chief executive of the State and declared the bill an emergency measure.

“ He wrote the message. It was pretty temperate in tone, but contained, as his messages usually do, a very plain statement of facts. It was intercepted and ‘lost’ on its way to the Legislature.

“ The governor was not satisfied with the explanation of its disappearance, so he prepared a duplicate and sent it in at once. This time he took precautions to see that it got safely into the hands of the speaker of the assembly, with a warning that if it were not read from the speaker’s desk, another copy would be read by a member on the floor.”*

And it was read and passed, too, before the legislature adjourned.

Before the law was passed by the legislature, Mr. Roosevelt had invited the companies that would be affected by the measure to meet him to talk over the bill. They did not accept the invitation till after the

* From Leupp’s “The Man Roosevelt.” Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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assembly had adjourned and the bill was ready for the governor's signature. They then informed him that they would be pleased to present their side of the case to him, if he would still hear them.

“ ‘Certainly,’ was his cheerful answer, ‘I’ll hear you with pleasure. Why didn’t you speak before?’ ”

“ ‘Of course, they didn’t like the bill as it stood. ‘Well,’ said the governor, ‘I don’t know that I am entirely satisfied with it myself, but it was the best we could do under the circumstances.’ ”

“ ‘Then you won’t sign it? You will postpone the whole business till next session and try again?’ pleaded the corporations.

“ ‘One proposition at a time, gentlemen,’ said the governor. ‘I’m willing to recommend any proper amendments at the next session, but meanwhile—well, you know the old proverb about the bird in the hand? I’ve tried all winter to get a bill; now that I’ve got one I don’t think I’d better let it slip away from me. I’ll sign this bill, and then I’ll sign any amendments passed next winter that commend themselves to my judgment.’ ”

“ ‘But next winter is some distance away,’ the corporations persisted. ‘In the meantime the law will have gone into operation and irreparable damage been done. Let this bill drop, and call an extra session to pass one that will be fair all around. We’ll help you.’ ”

“ ‘If you really mean that,’ said the governor, ‘I will split the difference with you. I will sign this bill: that secures us something, in any event. Then I’ll convene an extra session, and we can work together for such modifications as would be just and right.’ ”

“ ‘Seeing that he was not to be cajoled, the pleaders withdrew. He was as good as his word. The extra session met, some changes were made in the act, but not so radical as the cor-

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porations wished. 'We'll fight your law in the courts,' they thundered. 'By all means,' he answered imperturbably; 'then we'll find out which side is right, and the next legislation we put through will avoid any mistakes the courts discover in this.' " *

The corporations were disappointed, however, for they could find no vulnerable place in the law; they had to obey it. The corporations, which heretofore in one way or another had escaped taxation and had come to regard themselves as rightly exempt from the burdens of state, were now forced to pay thousands of dollars into the treasury of the commonwealth. The bulk of the taxes was shifted from the shoulders of citizens of moderate means and placed upon corporations, that had grown rich through State protection but had not paid for the services rendered.

The benefits from the law were reaped not only by the State of New York but by other States as well. When the Supreme Court declared the law constitutional, a precedent was set which was quickly followed by other States of the Union, and the burdens of state were placed where they belonged: upon those best able to bear them. The law worked no real hardship upon corporate wealth; it merely forced it to bear a just proportion of the State expenses. It did not exempt the poor from taxation; it only distributed equably the taxes among all the people, rich and poor, according to ability to pay. Thus again Mr. Roosevelt struck a

* From Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt." Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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blow for higher civic righteousness, for justice between man and man.

The opposition which Mr. Roosevelt met from the leaders of his party in the passage and enforcement of the law taxing corporations was extended to every administrative measure of his. During his two years as governor, he lived in a state of war, open or secret, with the leaders of his party. His utter disregard of political traditions, his stubborn insistence upon justice and fairness in the administration of public affairs were distasteful to the old-line politicians and they hindered him in every way they could. But he was not at all discouraged by the opposition; he rather enjoyed the fight and went ahead with his reforms wherever he thought conditions could be bettered.

In so doing, however, he remained strictly within the limits of his lawful powers. For instance, he did not think for a moment of interfering with the government of New York City, though he had to look on while the old abuses which he had rooted out of the police department grew up again to the disgrace of the city and the State. The Tammany ring was in control of the city again and machine politics ruled in municipal affairs. He contented himself with putting into other offices of trust the men who had been unjustly discharged from the police service on account of their political views. Though he was repeatedly urged by his friends to make an end of the terrible practices, he studiously kept his hands off, for he knew that the law

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gave him no right to interfere and he was well aware that interference on his part without the power to enforce his demands would be not only ignored but laughed to scorn. He was too wise to attempt what was manifestly impossible to carry to a successful issue.

But he by no means condoned the evils. He had a bill introduced, giving the mayor the right to appoint the police commissioner but investing the governor with the power to depose him as soon as he mixed politics with his administrative duties. The motion was lost, however. Senator Platt, who had promised Mr. Roosevelt that he would support the measure, suddenly left for Florida at the critical moment, ostensibly to recover his health. The bill thus lost the support of one who could have secured its passage had he felt disposed to do it.

It often happened that measures which Mr. Roosevelt deemed of vital importance to the commonwealth were defeated, but, nevertheless, he was not dismayed nor disheartened in the least. He hoped to present the measures to the legislature at a more opportune time. Because he had left much work that he knew ought to be done and believed that he could do, he wished to be elected governor again. He felt that his work in the State of New York was not finished and he, therefore, objected to being shifted from the candidacy for governor of the Empire State to the vice-presidency of the United States.

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Though he had not accomplished all that he wished, he had done much in the interest of better government. Not the least of his acts was the cleaning up of the department of canal and ship-building. He dismissed the commissioner and appointed a competent engineer in his place. The State militia also received his attention. The general in command had distinguished himself by his inefficiency during the Cuban campaign; and he was, therefore, replaced by a man who was capable of doing the work assigned him. In the short space of two years, he instituted, as far as possible, the merit system and appointed men to State positions who were qualified for the positions for which they were chosen.

When Mr. Roosevelt entered upon the duties of his office, there was a law on the statute books regulating sweat-shops, but the law had always been carelessly enforced. It provided that work could be done in the homes only when the conditions surrounding the workers were sanitary: that only one family was living there, that no contagious disease existed in the family, that the work-room itself should contain no bed, and that no person not a member of the family should work therein. The inspectors declared that they had enough to do to keep a record of the people amenable to the law without giving attention to matters of details. There were tenements in which every family was engaged in the sweat-shop business, and it was impossible to supervise them all.

But Mr. Roosevelt was of a different opinion. The

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law was a good one, thoroughly useful and, therefore, ought to be enforced. He himself set an example for the inspectors. On one of the hottest days of the summer, he visited, together with a friend, twenty of the worst tenement houses in Albany. He saw everything from attic to basement: nothing escaped him, not even the oxygen-starved faces of the inmates. As a rule, he found only the women and smaller children at home; the men and larger children were at work or on the street.

Many things were found that would not meet the requirements of the law. The rooms were dirty. Often two or three families occupied the same rooms. In many places piece-work was being done without official permission. The floor space seldom came up to demands of the law. Germs of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and consumption were being worked into the coats and trousers that would later be offered to unsuspecting customers at fashionable stores.

The governor had to admit that conditions were not as bad as they once were, but he insisted that they were not as good as they should be. Old, ill-repaired, unsanitary houses should not be used for sweat-shops at all, and owners of such property should be informed that permission would not be granted them till the house was put in a sanitary condition. In order to prevent unscrupulous landlords from overcharging the tenants, he secured the passage of a bill that placed all tenement houses under control of the inspectors

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whose duty it became to inquire into the price demanded of the renters and to forbid exorbitant rates. He justified his course by an appeal "to the general desire for a clean, decent life and for right and fair treatment between man and man."

When Mr. Roosevelt became governor of New York, he found the office of treasurer in the hands of Louis Payn, a close friend of Senator Platt. He had grown gray in the service of the spoils system and had acquired, through years of association with Platt and his clique, a reputation that was not at all savory. Mr. Roosevelt deemed it advisable, under the circumstances, to get rid of him as soon as possible. But Payn had suddenly experienced a change of heart; he wished to remain in office to redeem his tarnished reputation by worthy service under Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt put no reliance on the man, and turned a deaf ear to his overtures. Payn then appealed to his friends who stormed the governor with protests against removing so old and faithful an officer from his position. Platt himself called upon the governor, and remarked in the course of the conversation that it would be a mistake to drop Payn.

"That is not the question at all," replied the governor. "I should like to know whom I should put in his place."

Platt saw that nothing was to be gained by provoking him further, and they both went over a list of men that Roosevelt proposed for the position. To every

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one of them Platt found some objection and those that Platt proposed the governor would not consider at all. Finally Mr. Roosevelt found a way out of the difficulty by appointing a former State senator and a friend of Mr. Platt; but the man refused to accept, much to the surprise of the governor.

Mr. Roosevelt was beaten and Mr. Payn became arrogant. He even boasted that he would hold the office in spite of Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt was not discouraged; he had decided to wait until the legislature should adjourn and then bring an indictment against Mr. Payn.

Some one surmised the purposes of the governor, and there was soon a sensation in New York. The friends of Payn tried to get into the secret of the governor, but the more they tried to find out what he was going to do the more silent Mr. Roosevelt became. The whole Republican party in the State were excited; they felt that something was going to happen, but they knew not what. They only knew that there were some things that it would be better to keep from the light of publicity. Platt became anxious and sent a friend to Mr. Roosevelt to find out what he was intending to do. The ultimatum was given: Payn must go, quietly if he would, forcibly if he must. The governor also let it be known that he had evidence that would implicate other people. He said that he had in his hands the correspondence which showed that Payn had received large sums of money to further the interests of trusts.

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Platt had heard enough; he did not go to Florida this time. He immediately informed Payn that he would have to give up his office, that the party could not hold him any longer. The leaders then went to Mr. Roosevelt and asked for his list of candidates. He handed over the list at once, at the head of which was the ex-State senator who had repeatedly refused to accept. Platt and his friends declared the selection a good one. When Mr. Roosevelt informed them that the man had several times refused the position, they said that they would vouch for it that he could be induced to take it. And they departed glad to have got off so easily.

Though there were frequent quarrels between Mr. Roosevelt and the leaders of his party, his popularity with the people steadily grew. They realized that at last there was a man at the head of the State who made it his duty to see to it that every citizen received what was rightfully his; they rejoiced that they had a governor who was above petty politics and who dared bring the political aristocrats to justice, a governor who looked well to the interest of the humblest citizen and enforced the laws without the least degree of favor.

His popularity has nowhere been more clearly shown than during the celebration in honor of the return of Admiral Dewey in the year 1899. New York City was the Mecca of all hero-worshippers. The admiral might well feel proud of the enthusiastic reception

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accorded him. And yet it was apparent that the shouting of the multitude became more intense when Mr. Roosevelt, in a simple dress-suit, became visible in the parade among all the shining uniforms and waving plumes. The hero of San Juan on his brown charger seemed to hold a higher place in the hearts of the people than the great admiral. The same spectacle was repeated a few days later when the victorious fleet sailed around the New York harbor. Everywhere the ships in the harbor saluted and the cannons of the forts thundered forth applause and thousands of people cheered as the battleships filed by. But when the small river steamer appeared in the line of warships with Mr. Roosevelt leaning on the railing, such a spontaneous cry for Roosevelt rose from a thousand lips that the hero felt compelled to go below in order not to distract attention from Admiral Dewey, who stood in plain view on the commander's bridge of the *Olympia*.

Mr. Roosevelt's two years' service as governor of the great Empire State was not without result. He left an inheritance to the State which can not be too highly prized. The question that he always asked himself in regard to any line of conduct was "Is it right?" When he was gone, a State official who had long been in the service remarked upon the lasting influence of Mr. Roosevelt in the following language: "Last winter when a measure was up for discussion in the legislature, I heard for the first time the question, 'Is it

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right?' Not 'Is it advisable?' Not 'What will be the advantage to me and to my party?' but only 'Is it right?' This is Roosevelt's legacy to Albany and the State, and it is well worth his coming and going."

Mr. Roosevelt would have liked to continue his work as governor, for he knew that he had left behind him many things that needed to be done, but fate had still greater things in store for him. Curiously enough, both his friends and his enemies worked together to the same end. His friends wished him to be a candidate for the vice-presidency because they thought that his popularity would assure the election of the Republican nominee for the presidency. His enemies hoped to see him made vice-president in order to get rid of him in New York politics; they hoped to punish him for the former victories over them by putting him in a dignified cold-storage for four years. After long hesitation, he agreed to be placed upon the altar of sacrifice in the interest of the great national party to which he belonged.

The office of vice-president of the United States is a very undesirable one. The vice-president has nothing to do but preside over the Senate unless the president dies or is removed from office. As the men who are elected president are usually in their prime, there is small chance of the vice-president's ever becoming president. In spite of the fact that the president's office is sometimes made vacant by death, which has happened five times in the brief years of the United

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States, the custom has grown up of electing men as vice-president whom they wish to honor for some services to the party but whom they would be unwilling to elect as president or whom they wish to put out of the way of some one else who has presidential ambitions. Mr. Roosevelt's enemies wanted him elected as vice-president in order to get rid of him in the State of New York and thus prevent him from getting into more important offices. His high ideals of the duty of a public servant stood in the way of the political ambitions of some other men of his party; and they were glad, therefore, to confer upon him the empty honor of vice-president.

But so far he had received merely the nomination of his party. The election of the president and vice-president was yet to take place. The Republican National Convention was held in June and the great campaign began almost immediately. William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic nominee, took the field as he had done four years before, and Colonel Roosevelt was put upon the platform by the Republican party, while President McKinley remained quietly in Washington.

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It is scarcely conceivable to an European what this campaign meant in physical and mental strain upon Mr. Roosevelt. For eight weeks he made his home in a special car and travelled during that time about twenty-two thousand miles through almost every State

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of the Union. He made speeches in the majority of the large cities of the land and in countless smaller ones. He visited more than two hundred in the State of New York alone. But the cities visited represented only a small part of the work done. At every division crowds assembled to hear a few words from him from the rear end of his car while engines were being changed or at a wayside watering tank while the engine took on water. According to newspaper reports, the total number of speeches made during the eight weeks was six hundred and seventy-three, or an average of fourteen per day not counting Sundays. It is estimated that three and a half million people heard and saw him during that time.

Chance brought about a meeting between Roosevelt and Bryan at a station where the former's engine had to take water.

"Hello, Billy!" shouted Roosevelt with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Hello, Teddy!" came back from Bryan. "By the way, Teddy," continued Bryan, "how about your voice after these many speeches?"

"Oh, my voice is as rough as the platform of the Democrats," replied Roosevelt smiling.

"Mine," retorted Bryan, "is as broken as the promises of the Republicans."

Everybody laughed. Soon the whistle blew and the two rivals separated, waving each other a friendly adieu as their trains drew apart.

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Mr. Roosevelt is not what one would call an orator. He speaks plainly without any rhetorical flourishes; his speech is somewhat broken and his voice not especially pleasing. In this respect, he was at a disadvantage when pitted against Mr. Bryan who has the style and the voice of an orator and a personal magnetism that draws men to him. But in spite of the fact that Mr. Bryan seemed to be endowed better by nature to win before the people, Mr. Roosevelt was fully his equal when put face to face with the great common people of America. He lacked Bryan's oratorical polish, it is true, but people were just as eager to hear him. He held them by what he had to say, not by how he said it. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt understands as few men do how to speak to the hearts of men. His words are always accompanied by expressive, though not graceful, gestures which make him, upon the platform, an altogether picturesque and attractive personality—especially to the masses who like an earnest appeal to what is best within them.

To his strenuous activity, success was not denied. William McKinley was reëlected president and Theodore Roosevelt was chosen as vice-president. Thus there was conferred upon him the second highest honor in the gift of the American people.

With the same zeal that he had put into every public trust that had been given him, he devoted himself to the new duties that were placed upon him. During one session of Congress, he presided over the delibera-

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tions of the Senate. When Congress adjourned, he joyfully welcomed the opportunity of a rest, the first that had been given him since he entered public life the last time. In spite of the cold weather, he spent two weeks hunting the bobcat and cougar, which he has described in the first chapter of his "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter."

But the rest was not to be of long duration. At Buffalo, the Wonder City, near Niagara Falls, a Pan-American Exposition was being held. The visit of President McKinley at the exposition had been widely announced for September 6, and thousands of people assembled in the Temple of Music on that day to get sight of the chief executive of the land. After the concert, the president stationed himself in the centre of the great hall in order that he might shake hands with all who might care to greet him personally. In a long line, men, women, and children filed by to grasp the hand of the president, and then took their positions on the outside to wait till the president should leave the place. But alas! they were to be disappointed sadly, for the beloved McKinley was not to go out of the Temple of Music as he came in.

In that crowd of sympathetic friends and patriotic admirers was a man who, unable to appreciate the spirit of American institutions and the lofty ideals of the man who guided the nation, had murder in his heart toward the noble president. That man, well dressed and bearing lightly his twenty-four years, was Leon

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Czolgosz. He had taken his place in the line with the other people and slowly approached the place where the president stood. He supported his right arm in a sling and held the hand under his coat. The guards, thinking that he had an injured arm, permitted him to pass. He reached out his left hand to the president who grasped it warmly, and the same instant with his right hand he sent two bullets from the revolver, which he had concealed under his coat, into the body of President McKinley, as he was bowing to him a most sympathetic greeting.

For a few seconds, a death-like silence reigned. Then "May God forgive him!" came from the lips of the stricken man as his friends rushed to his side. The president was quickly placed in an arm-chair, while the guards seized Czolgosz, who offered no resistance, and dragged him from the hall.

It was found that the first bullet had produced only a slight flesh wound, but the second one had entered the stomach. An operation was performed at once, and it was hoped that the patient would speedily recover. Mr. Roosevelt, who was near Burlington, Vermont, when the news reached him, hastened at once to the bedside of his chief. Nor did he leave till the physicians assured him that he need have no further fears, for the president would recover.

He then returned to his own family who were in the Adirondacks for the health of one of his children. Special despatch service kept Mr. Roosevelt informed of

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the condition of President McKinley. Finally after the bulletins became more and more hopeful for several days, he breathed more freely, and decided to make a trip into the mountains.

Mr. Roosevelt has been variously criticised for his actions during the time between the shooting of President McKinley and his death, by a class of men who are fond of attributing unworthy motives to others. Some condemned him for rushing to the bedside of President McKinley, declaring that he could not wait till McKinley was no more to seize the reins of power; others blamed him because he went on a hunting trip while the president's life hung in the balance. Neither criticism is worthy of a refutation. Few people at the time, and certainly no sane man would to-day lay up such a charge against him.

On Friday, September 13, Mr. Roosevelt with a small company ascended Mount Marcy. When they reached the top, it was raining and nothing could be seen of the splendid view they had hoped for. They, therefore, went down to the border of the woods and spread their luncheon, for they were all tired and hungry. Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by approaching foot-steps upon the stony road, a strange sound in those deserted regions. A man came out of the woods, stepped forward and handed Mr. Roosevelt a letter. He broke the seal at once, and read, "The condition of the president has changed for the worse. Cortelyou."

Mr. Roosevelt read and reread the despatch and sat

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down for a moment; but he soon arose without having touched his lunch, and said, "I must return immediately."

Silently, sorrowfully the little company walked back to the cabin where they were stopping at the time; but he found no further news there, though his private secretary, Mr. Loeb, had been informed in the morning from Buffalo of the change for the worse and had hastened on a fast train to the mountains to find his chief. But the railroad carried him only to North Creek, more than thirty miles from Mount Marcy. All day he had sent telegram after telegram to Mr. Roosevelt to come, that he would wait for him. The telephone line ended at the club-house at the foot of the mountain, and no one thought of taking the message to Mr. Roosevelt.

From the cabin, Mr. Roosevelt sent runners to the club-house and ordered everything ready for immediate departure, before he changed his wet garments for dry ones. Walking to and fro before the cabin, he waited anxiously for the return of his messengers. About midnight, they arrived with Loeb's despatch, "Come at once." He jumped into a carriage and drove out into the night. It was a mad race with death — and death won, for before half the journey had been covered, President McKinley had closed his eyes in eternal sleep. The carriage rolled on over the rocky, mountain paths as if driven by furies. When the driver, fearing that they might dash into an abyss on account of the terrific speed at which they were going,

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turned to the silent man behind him wrapped in his overcoat, with a questioning look, he received only the brief words, "Go on—go on!"

A few minutes after one o'clock they arrived at the club-house. Loeb, who was still at the other end of the telephone line at North Creek, informed him that the end was nearing in Buffalo. Mr. Loeb knew the dangers of a drive through the mountains after night, and urged Mr. Roosevelt to remain at the club-house till morning, but he received only the short, quick answer, "I am coming."

The journey from the club-house to the railroad station at North Creek was a hard one. At one moment the carriage sank into mud to the hubs and at the next bounded from side to side as the horses beat fire from the mountain flints. At a lonely inn, there were fresh horses in waiting and onward they went over mountains and through woods. The morning had just begun to break when the almost exhausted horses dashed up to the station at North Creek, where a train was standing ready on the track. Mr. Loeb met Mr. Roosevelt as he stepped from the carriage and informed him that the president was dead—which was only another way of telling him that upon his shoulders had fallen the mantle of the beloved and stalwart William McKinley.

CHAPTER X

MR. ROOSEVELT'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

ON SEPTEMBER 14, at 1:30 P.M. Mr. Roosevelt arrived at Buffalo. Twenty mounted policemen and a squadron of the Fourth Field-Telegraph detachment were lined up in front and rear of the carriage that he was to take. They escorted him at a brisk trot to the house where the body of President McKinley was lying. When he left the carriage, he ordered the officer in command to dismiss the soldiers. He then went up into the room of death to take a last look at his murdered friend. He remained only a few minutes. He wished above all to say a few words of sympathy to the stricken wife who, for thirty years, had lovingly and tenderly shared every joy and sorrow with her husband. He, therefore, again turned to his carriage to drive to her hotel. He noticed that the soldiers were still with the carriage. In a low but firm voice, he ordered the officer to take them away, for he did not want a military guard. Only two detectives were allowed to accompany him.

The same afternoon he took the oath of office in the home of Mr. Wilcox. It was a touching scene. Secretary Root of the Department of War, who had been a

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witness to a similar scene twenty years before when Chester A. Arthur took the oath of office after the death of President Garfield, could scarcely control his voice as he asked Mr. Roosevelt in the name of the members of the cabinet to repeat the oath after Judge Hazel of the United States District Court. Pale, trembling, with tears in his eyes, Mr. Roosevelt arose, raised his hand and took the oath prescribed by law. Then he let his hand fall and stood there for a moment with bowed head, till Judge Hazel asked him to sign the document. With a firm hand, he wrote his name and then said slowly, solemnly:

“In this hour of terrible grief, I wish to make it known that it shall be my purpose to continue steadfastly in the policies of President McKinley for the happiness and honor of our beloved country.”

In this way, he honored the memory of his illustrious predecessor. But his first official act was still more gratifying to the country, for it showed that his declaration to continue the policies of President McKinley was to be faithfully adhered to. He turned to the members of McKinley's cabinet who were present and said to them that he hoped that no member of the cabinet would feel under obligation to present his resignation, for he wished each one to retain his position and to help him carry out the policies of their lamented friend.

Thus, at the beginning of his presidential term, he broke with the custom that sanctioned the change of the

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cabinet with the in-coming of every president. Even Mr. McKinley had not hesitated to select an entirely new cabinet when he became president. Mr. Roosevelt acted, however, in accordance with the principle which he had always advocated, namely that public officials should not be dismissed so long as they did faithfully and efficiently the work that was required of them.

Mr. McKinley, always a conservative statesman, had won the confidence of the country in a high degree. That he had fallen a victim to the bullet of an anarchist was not because the assassin had anything against him personally — he confessed that he had never seen him before — but because the murderer himself was an unfortunate victim of that insane delusion that leads men to despise all government and to seek the death of all rulers. The funeral given him showed how deep was the love of the people for their martyred dead. When the body of McKinley was laid to rest in his old home at Canton, Ohio, the near-by fort fired the presidential salute. At the minute that the burial was to take place, business stopped throughout the land. The factory wheels ceased their hum; the railroad trains stood still on the track; the boats in the harbors and upon the rivers with flags at half-mast were motionless; for five minutes, business life was not, and men reverently thought of what was taking place in far-off Ohio. Then business began again: the factory wheels renewed their hum; the trains moved on as before; the boats continued their journey. William McKinley be-

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longed to the past; and Theodore Roosevelt was the man of the present and the man of the future. The nation, the world, looked to him.

At the age of forty-one, he took the reins of government in his hands, the youngest president who had ever sat in the chair of Washington and Lincoln. Many a man looked with anxiety into the future. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt had grown up under the eyes of the people, and they should have known him better. But the events of the last few years had blinded them somewhat to his real nature. They thought of him only as an impetuous hero of war, who broke down with an iron hand every barrier that stood in his way. They forgot that, in reality, he had devoted only three months to the profession of arms and that he had given twenty of the best years of his life to making himself acquainted with the administrative details of the State and Nation. Fear filled the breast of many a patriotic citizen. He saw that the new president was quick, impulsive; he did not see that, though he made his decisions quickly, Mr. Roosevelt's decisions were dictated by reason, not by shallow emotion. Many a statesman feared that the young president would involve the country in a foreign war.

To-day at the approaching close of his second term*

* The reader will bear in mind that this book was written before the end of Mr. Roosevelt's second term as President, and it has not been thought desirable to change these references.—*Translator.*

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of office, his people have learned to trust him; they know that he is not a man of war, but a man of peace, honorable peace; they know that he has been and is the mightiest factor for peace in the world to-day. His country loves him; the world admires and honors him.

Mr. Roosevelt was the first author of note to become president in the history of the American republic. As an historian, he had learned from the past; as a practical statesman, he had watched the government machinery in operation; and as a close observer of human nature, he had come in contact with all classes of men and knew the conditions under which the people live and by what motives they are actuated. He entered office with rather definitely formed opinions not only of his duty to the country but of what the country needed, and the best method of attaining those ends. He had a political philosophy of his own that can be traced back, practically unchanged, to the time of his first appearance in public life. And as an understanding of that philosophy throws light both upon his presidential career and his character, we shall examine it as found in his books and public addresses of years past.

The American citizen who enjoys a high degree of personal freedom has shown, on the whole, that he knows how to use that freedom; but, just as in all other countries where all classes must mingle together and where every one has an opportunity to develop freely the good and the bad side of his character, there are

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those who exert an unfavorable influence upon the Nation. The more intelligent and upright statesmen have always been compelled to fight against these baser classes in the State and Nation who are lending their weight to subvert the higher ideals that are rightfully recognized as characteristic of the American people. Conspicuous among those who have always stood four square against everything that tends to lower the standard of American ideals and character has been Theodore Roosevelt, whose intense love for his country and firm conviction of the world-responsibility resting upon her have made him feel keenly any remissness in her people. But he spent no time in vain regrets; instead he set before his fellow citizens the heroic deeds of their forefathers and urged them to emulate their example. Nor did he stop with preaching positive ideals of good citizenship, but like Chaucer's poor parson,

“He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.”

No statesman has had more to say than Mr. Roosevelt of the domestic life of the people. Realizing that the greatness of a nation depends upon the intelligence and integrity of the citizens composing it, Mr. Roosevelt has always emphasized the importance of a correct family life. The boy's home environment should be such as to stimulate all the natural instincts that are helpful to him and repress all those that are detrimental to the prospective citizen. And not least among those things that a boy must learn is the dig-

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nity and necessity of work, and inasmuch as work to the boy usually means study, he must be taught to prepare his lessons regularly and thoroughly, for only by so doing can he hope to acquire those habits of mind that will make him a really efficient citizen of this great, free Republic. Though there are those who believe, or make believe, that knowledge gained from books is valueless and even an obstacle to a young man in the struggle for success, no intelligent person will be deceived by such doctrines, all of which spring from ignorance or a petty narrowness akin to ignorance. The young man is fortunate whose home environment gives him an opportunity to cultivate mind and heart, or rather does it for him, so that his mental horizon is broadened and his character strengthened without his being at the time conscious of it.

Not only should the home develop the intellectual and moral nature of the boy but it should also give to him a strong body, for without a strong body the keenest intellect and the noblest heart will fail. The nation needs men who can bear the physical strains laid upon them no less than the mental and moral strains. In fact, without strong bodies, men can not do the intellectual work that is required of them. For these reasons, children should be given an opportunity to play, for otherwise they will become prematurely old. The important thing to remember in this connection, however, is that play and work should be kept separate: they should not play at work nor work at play, but

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give the whole mind to the occupation which engages them at the time.

But above all, the manly virtues of truth, courage, and perseverance must not be neglected. From youth the child should be taught to love truth and sincerity and to despise falsehood and insincerity and to have ever the courage to stand boldly for what he knows to be right. "A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. . . . The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality. . . . A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises." *

Nor must the grown man forget the principles that should govern the life of the boy, for they apply with even greater force to the man. Every citizen owes duties to himself, to his neighbor, and to the State.

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The first requisite in the performance of that duty is work; no one who is idle can do his duty to himself or to any one else. The kind of work, the field in which one labors, does not matter, but it is all-important that every one do something. The place in which one should work depends wholly upon the inclination and the ability of the person, and it is of little importance where he does it. But "the law of life is work, and that work in itself, so far from being a hardship, is a great blessing, provided, always, it is carried on under conditions which preserve a man's self-respect and which allow him to develop his own character and rear his children so that he and they, as well as the whole community of which he and they are part, may steadily move onward and upward. The idler, rich or poor, is at best a useless and is generally a noxious member of the community." *

Work alone, however, is not sufficient, if one would do one's duty, honestly, faithfully. Many a man who toils early and late never accomplishes anything, because he lacks the will-power to keep himself at one thing long enough. Troubles discourage, and dangers deter him; he dares not look troubles unflinchingly in the face and boldly, honestly stand for his convictions though the world be against him. Such a man is necessarily outdone in the struggle for success. He who wishes to accomplish anything really worth the trou-

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ble must not only aim high but must free himself from everything that hinders him and strive incessantly for the attainment of the end desired.

It is a sad thing to see an ambitious soul go down in defeat, but it is sadder to behold a soul that is without real ambition, for that is defeat of the worst type. The State needs men of positive character: men who do no wrong, not because they are afraid to, but who do right because they prefer to stand for what is best in life. The crying need of the country to-day is for men and women who can live clean, healthy, active lives,—men and women who have learned in the hard school of experience how to ignore danger and to triumph over difficulties.

“The man must be glad to do a man’s work, to dare and endure and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. . . . When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded. ” *

But the strong, brave man who is not afraid to work has a duty which he owes to himself. Just as the boy

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must not sit too long over his books but must lay them aside to seek recreation, so must the man not forget that he hurts himself if he does not give over his professional duties from time to time to that higher duty of caring for his own bodily welfare. Dr. James's gospel of relaxation is a good one, and men should develop an interest in some form of recreative exercise. The high-pressure, commercial age in which we are living makes such relaxation all the more necessary, makes it imperative if we would avoid a nervous breakdown.

After one's regular duties have been done and a proper time given to healthful recreation, the remaining hours at one's disposal should not be spent in doing nothing, but in some form of self-improvement. The prudent man will use this time in reading good books or listening to lectures that will widen the sphere of one's knowledge. Intellectual activity will lead one to form high ideals, which can never be without value to him.

"A man is worthless unless he has in him a lofty devotion to an ideal, and he is worthless also unless he strives to realize this ideal by practical methods." * It is not at all desirable nor necessary that the ambition should be for stocks and bonds. "After a certain amount of wealth has been accumulated, the accumulation of more is of very little consequence indeed from

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the standpoint of success, as success should be understood both by the community and the individual." *

Naturally every one must, for the sake of his own self-respect and the welfare of his family, seek to acquire a certain amount of wealth; but no one should get the idea that material goods are the most important thing of life, for he would thereby lose out of his life those things that really make life worth living. It is far more important that one become acquainted with the heroes of American history and be inspired by the lofty ideals of such men as Grant, Washington, and Lincoln, than that he amass an immense fortune. Wealth is of value; but great wealth, only as it serves the need of society as a whole.

The aim of every good citizen must be an entire independence of the assistance of others, and all deeds of charity should be directed to that end. It is well to bear in mind that it is sometimes wrong to help people in need. Indiscriminate giving may, and often doubtless does, help the giver but does the receiver no good. It is a duty which every one owes to the society in which he lives to help the one who has fallen, to place him upon his feet; but it is equally important that aid be not extended beyond the actual need, and must cease when it is seen that the man does not want to help himself. Every act of charity should be directed to making charity unnecessary, and any form of giving which

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does not do that is a detriment rather than a help to society. For that reason, the free soup counters are demoralizing; they encourage shiftlessness. It is true that they may be necessary as a temporary measure in time of a great disaster, as an earthquake, but as a permanent method of distributing aid they are to be discouraged as evils but little less demoralizing than vice itself. With the exception of aid in behalf of little children, widows, and cripples, naked charity is not desirable. All help should be so given that it will be rendered thereby unsought and unnecessary in the future.

Just as all charitable institutions should be regulated in such a way that they will contribute to the development of a strong, self-respecting independence in men and women, the State also should aid in that respect by seeing to it that all classes of citizens enjoy equal rights and privileges before the law, and that those who are powerful or evilly inclined are restrained from doing violence to those who are for any reason unable to protect themselves. It is inevitable, though unfortunate, that, in a government to which millions of people belong, evil and designing men will occasionally get into office, and the sacred power of the State be prostituted to the interest of greed and selfishness. But as the State is what the people as a whole make it, the responsibility rests upon the voters to place in control only those men who are above the tricks of the demagogue and the narrowness of short-

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sighted politicians. In no other way can the State be made to serve the legitimate interest of the people.

One of the most prolific causes of the failure of the government to serve the interest of the people is the misunderstanding of the two great classes of our people. Only when the rich and the poor, the employer and the employee, understand each other and look at things each from the standpoint of the other, will the State become the obedient servant of the highest interest of the people. There is more good in either class than the other dreams of, or will dream of until they come in personal contact with each other. Everything that tends to bring about a better understanding between the employer and the laboring classes, be it the press, the platform, or the pulpit, will render a lasting benefit to the State and to every citizen in it.

Though the State should grant individual liberty in the largest measure consistent with the general welfare, it should never hesitate to interfere when any man or any class of men use that liberty in a way subversive of the common welfare. Naturally no general rule can be laid down as to when the State should and when it should not intervene in citizens' private affairs. Each case must be handled on its own merit, but the fact should never be lost sight of that the interest of the community, which the State must serve, should always take precedence over that of any man or class of men. "We have exactly the same right to regulate the conditions of life and work in factories and

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tenement houses that we have to regulate fire-escapes and the like in other houses. In certain communities the existence of a thoroughly efficient department of factory inspection is just as essential as the establishment of a fire department. How far we shall go in regulating the hours of labor, or the liabilities of employers, is a matter of expediency, and each case must be determined on its own merits, exactly as it is a matter of expediency to determine what so-called 'public utilities' the community shall itself own and what ones it shall leave to private or corporate ownership, securing to itself merely the right to regulate. Sometimes one course is expedient, sometimes the other."

An example of what an intelligent and cautious intervention of the State can do in labor difficulties was seen in the State of New York while Mr. Roosevelt was governor. The matter was dealt with in a two-fold way by making a distinction between laborers in the service of the State and those in the employment of private individuals. That the State might set an example for private business concerns to follow, it was enacted that eight hours should constitute a day for all laborers in the service of the State and that decent wages should be paid. The general result of the measure has been good. "Poor work is always dear, whether poorly paid or not, and good work is always well worth having; and as a mere question of expediency, aside even from the question of humanity, we

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find that we can obtain the best work by paying fair wages and permitting the work to go on only for a reasonable time." *

For the benefit of the laboring men who were not in the service of the commonwealth, Mr. Roosevelt did something in an indirect way. He was instrumental in establishing the bureau of workingmen's statistics, of popularizing arbitration, and of securing more rigid inspection of factories. The Bureau of Statistics has not only collected data but it has directed the attention of the people to many things of importance to the State. Through arbitration many strikes have been brought to a satisfactory close, and by timely intervention an even greater number. On account of rigid factory inspection the disgraceful sweat-shops are disappearing and the condition of tenement houses is becoming better.

Mr. Roosevelt always believed in applying the same high code of honor in intercourse with foreign nations that he advocated and practised in private and public life at home. He sought the advantage of no nation nor would he permit any nation to take the advantage of his. Believing, however, that the relation between the nations of the world should be that of neighbors, he conducted his negotiations with foreign powers on that basis. His sincere and frank way introduced a new method into diplomacy. He made the nations of

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the world feel that the United States was a great and powerful but friendly neighbor with whom it was easy to live on terms of peace and with whom it was dangerous to live any other way. The dreadful Monroe Doctrine was in his hands none the less effective but less obnoxious to European powers, because he showed them the United States held to the Monroe Doctrine not for a selfish reason but on the broad ground of international peace, that this country was willing and ready to accord to every other nation equal commercial privileges on this continent and expected from the nations of Europe a similar consideration there.

CHAPTER XI

PRACTICAL POLITICS

THERE are two ever-living problems before the American statesmen: the problem of the relation between capital and labor with its attendant problem, the trust, and the negro problem. Other problems are important for a time; a presidential campaign may even be made upon them, as Free Silver in 1896 and Imperialism in 1900: but the other two problems are ever present. No final solution seems possible, because the problems arise out of conditions of society, which is constantly changing but in a way to make the solution more difficult rather than less difficult. As the parties to the quarrel become more sensitive upon the subject, a higher and higher degree of statesmanship is required. The problems are a standing challenge to the legislative and executive acumen of the American statesman.

Without prejudice, as far as that is possible for any man, Mr. Roosevelt faced these two great problems, for every president of the United States has something to do with them and must either help the country to a final solution of the problems or hinder it. Capitalism has experienced in no other country such phe-

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nomenal development as in the United States. Untold millions have been piled up in a few years by men who in boyhood were day-laborers. Such men deserve the respect of their fellow citizens on account of their business sagacity and the material prosperity which they bring to their country. It is equally important, however, and right that they recognize the additional responsibility which their wealth places upon them, that they consider their less fortunate brothers. Otherwise their great wealth becomes a menace to the country at large.

Strange as it may seem, great wealth is more dangerous in the United States than almost anywhere else, because money gives power, political power. In spite of the fact that America is a republic that boasts of its democratic spirit, the millionaire can, if he wishes, control almost every election: he can buy judges, State legislatures, and even congressmen — and, what is even worse, may at times be compelled to do it to protect himself against the narrowness and cupidity of the men who make the laws. The blame for the political corruption rests not with any one particular class. Every time that a legislative vote or judicial decision is bought, there is the seller, but back of the seller are the electors who put the man in a place where he could sell himself to the money-power.

If the managers of great industries unite, their power becomes even greater, and because greater more detrimental to the masses of the people. By crushing

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out competition, they set the prices for the entire country on the products which they control, and at the same time dictate the wage scale to their employees. If the laborers rebel, they close their shops, sell their products in stock at still more exorbitant prices, and appeal to the government for protection against the starving and infuriated workingmen.

The laboring classes, realizing the futility of fighting the battle single-handed, protect themselves by the formation of unions. Though one man can do nothing against corporate wealth, the union is a force to be reckoned with, not only by the employers of labor but by the government as well. The unions exercise over their members just as tyrannical a power as the members of the trust. The trusts freeze out their competitors by lowering prices to a level at which no independent industry could live, and as soon as their object is accomplished, they raise the prices higher than they were before, in order to reimburse themselves for the loss under the low prices; the unions refuse to allow their men to work with non-union men, or "scabs," as they are called in derision, dictate terms to the employer, and if their demands are rejected go on a strike, and sometimes resort to violence to prevent the employment of non-union men in their places.

In the lockouts and strikes, the workingmen suffer most, because they are poor and depend in a large measure at least upon their labor for their daily

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bread; but the employers are also injured by the stopping of their factories and by actual destruction of property. The country, however, is hurt the worst, perhaps, by strikes and lockouts, for they always engender class hatred, which renders the settlement of the trouble all the more difficult, as well as lays the ground for future disputes.

“The question of the relation between capital and labor is a vital one,” Mr. Roosevelt once remarked to his friend, Jacob Riis. “Whether your children and my children shall be happy or unhappy in this country in the year 1950, depends upon whether every man of honor is a firm friend to every other man of honor, be he workingman or capitalist. ‘I am for the workingman,’ or ‘I am for the capitalist,’ fails to place the emphasis where it belongs, upon the unchangeable law of right. This class spirit is the cancer that is eating away the life of our republic. I am for neither capital nor labor, but I am for honesty against dishonesty, for patriotism against selfishness, for right against wrong.”

In May, 1902, a strike broke out in the mining districts of Pennsylvania. About one hundred and forty-five thousand men threw down their shovels. The mine owners refused to yield, and the strike dragged on into October. A dire calamity stared the country in the face. Winter was coming on with no coal in sight — at least very little, and that little sold at excessive prices. Neither schools nor hospitals could be

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heated, and many factories closed their doors. The president was flooded with letters and telegrams urging him to interfere. The mayors of the coast cities protested and entreated: they pictured the awful situation in which millions of people were placed by the strike, with winter coming on and with coal at twelve dollars per ton. In the meantime, the mine owners had rather cautiously but firmly intimated to the president that they expected him "to keep his hands off" and went so far even as to suggest that, if he wished to be elected president in 1904, he had better steer clear of the whole thing—which proves quite conclusively that the mine owners were not acquainted with the man to whom they were dictating.

Mr. Roosevelt had just met with an accident. In Massachusetts, his coach had collided with a street car; the detective who sat beside him had been killed and he had received a painful injury in the leg, which prevented him from using the leg for several days. During the time, Secretary Moody of the Navy Department visited him, and relates the following:

"I found him sitting with the injured leg lying on a chair while the surgeon adjusted the bandage. Several times while I was there he gave visible signs of acute pain, though he said nothing about it. He spoke of the strike and the requests that became more urgent every hour. The outlook was serious. It seemed that the strike could not be brought to a close without his intervention, and intervention might mean political

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death. I could see that it worried him. It was natural that he should hesitate in such a crisis. He waited long enough to learn everything of the suffering of the coast cities, of the closing of schools and hospitals, of the poor shivering in their rude homes without coal. He then gritted his teeth and said, ' Yes, I shall do it, I believe that it will prove my ruin politically, but it is right and I will do it.' "

And he did do it. In spite of the threats of the mine owners, he intervened by calling a meeting of the representatives of both parties at the White House, at which he gave them to understand that something had to be done or else the government itself would take control. An agreement was reached, and the miners went to work.

There was rejoicing throughout the country. The governor of Massachusetts wrote the president a letter expressing to him " the thanks of every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth." To which Mr. Roosevelt replied, " Yes, we have won, but heaven and earth! it has been a hard fight! " And it had been a hard fight, and the mutterings were not yet over. The mine owners complained bitterly of what they termed his meddling in affairs of private persons. They said that the strike would have ended soon anyway by the miners going to work, compelled by want and misery. And, of course, on terms more favorable to them.

Frequently during the time the strike was in prog-

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ress, disorders broke out in the mining districts. The State militia was sent to keep peace, and finally the president ordered a detachment of the regular army into the region. The workingmen resented that action and accused the president of partiality to the wealthy classes, though his purpose was to protect public property and to see to it that every one, rich and poor alike, was treated fairly, honestly.

One day when he had invited a number of workingmen to a dinner, a representative of labor remarked that at last his co-workers had found an open ear in the White House.

"Yes," replied the president, "the door of the White House will open for workingmen as easily as for capitalists, as long as I am here, but no easier."

The conclusion was hardly to their liking. They did not want the same treatment as the capitalists but a preferential treatment. Some times the laboring men expected too much of the president, and seemed to think that he should put himself at their service and make their cause his. They forgot that he was the servant of all classes, and that he was not an advocate to plead the cause of any one, but a judge whose duty it was to use his power to bring about peace and justice between man and man.

For instance, a non-union man was employed in the government printing office at Washington. The union asked that he be dismissed and the manager yielded in order to avoid trouble. When Mr. Roosevelt heard of

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it, however, he ordered the man to be reinstated immediately. The labor leaders at once called upon the president and remonstrated against his action. They finally declared that the man could not meet the requirements expected of him.

“That is another question entirely,” replied Mr. Roosevelt. “I shall investigate that matter. But as to the fact of his being a non-union man, the oath of office under which I serve does not recognize that at all. I am president of the United States and it is my duty to see that justice is done without regard to creed, color, occupation, or social standing. Whether a person is a union or non-union man will have no more weight with me in determining his fitness for a government office than whether he is a Protestant or Catholic, Jew or agnostic.”

Though he did not take sides with the laboring men, he did not espouse the cause of the capitalists. He deemed it his duty to stand above both in order that he might do his duty to both. The capitalists declared that he was in league with the workingmen against them, but the charge was false. He was in league with no one, he fought against no one. He is himself a rich man and knows the value of wealth to a country, to all classes of people. Nor was he ever the sworn enemy of trusts, as is sometimes declared. He has been and is the enemy of dishonest practices of the trusts, as he has been and is the enemy of the dishonest practices of workingmen. As long as corporate wealth stayed

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within its legitimate bounds, he was its friend; but, whenever it encroached upon the rights of others, he brought it to the bar of justice.

One reason, said Mr. Roosevelt, why the people hate the trusts so much is that such an air of mystery surrounds all they do. People are naturally suspicious of what they can not understand. As long as trusts guard their business methods as if they had a reproving conscience, the people will suspect that something crooked is being done. If, on the other hand, they would accustom themselves to acting frankly, openly in the eye of the public and give all the information desired freely to the Department of Commerce and Labor, they would not only win the respect of the people at large but they would also secure greater efficiency in the administrative details of their business. No honest business can suffer, but may be greatly helped by doing every thing in an open and frank manner.

Often the trusts had ample reason for fearing publicity. The Beef Trust, for instance, had increased prices one-third, all of which they put into their own pockets, for investigation showed that cattle had neither increased in price nor decreased in numbers. It was a clear case of fraud and Mr. Roosevelt had charges preferred against the trust. Though the members were shrewd enough to escape by the dissolution of the trust, the main purpose had been attained, the putting an end to the nefarious practices. Even more had been accomplished: a precedent had been set.

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Later when the conditions existing in the meat markets of Chicago became known, President Roosevelt without hesitation sent a committee to investigate. On the basis of evidence secured by the committee, he sent an urgent recommendation to Congress for some kind of a law for regulating the quality of manufactured food products. For seventeen years such a measure had been before Congress, but each time that it was brought up for passage it was chloroformed into a long and quiet sleep through the influence of favored interests. But after the investigation and the disclosures in Chicago, Congress dared not ignore the wishes of the president and the demands of the country, for press, pulpit, and platform were back of the president to a remarkable degree. The law reached final passage in the early days of 1907. It compelled manufacturers of food products to label their goods in such a way that people could tell readily the quality of the foods bought. A severe penalty for violations of the law was provided, and manufacturing establishments generally fell in with the spirit of the law, for it was a help to the trade itself, inasmuch as it enabled the public to distinguish between reputable and disreputable brands.

Disinterested, however, as had been Mr. Roosevelt's proceedings against the trusts, he was accused by some people of favoritism. It was charged that he played continually for popularity by prosecuting enough of the trusts to win the support of the masses, who would

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not see through his designs, but he was always careful to stop short, in his prosecutions, of losing the political favor of great corporations. "Of course," said his enemies, "he had to prosecute the Beef Trust, for its methods were so flagrant that the people demanded that something be done. You will notice, however, that he has not touched the Steel Trust, which is acknowledged to be one of the worst." And it is true that he did not institute proceedings against the Steel Trust, but for reasons very different from those assigned to him. The attorney-general, whom he had instructed to investigate the Steel Trust, said that there would be no possibility of winning before the courts, and advised that the matter be allowed to rest till a more favorable time. Mr. Roosevelt's conclusion not to begin proceedings against the Steel Trust was dictated by sound statesmanship. He did not care to take up a fight in which he was sure to be defeated: it would not only do the cause no good but it would work actual harm to the government itself. Had Mr. Roosevelt been seeking political favor, he could have indicted the trust and have thrown the responsibility for defeat upon the law and the courts; but he never sought favor in that way.

With the same earnestness and impartiality which he had used in dealing with the problem of capital and labor, he tried to do something in the way of a solution of the negro problem. The negro problem in the United States is a serious one. The Emancipation

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Proclamation (January 1, 1863) declared the freedom of the slaves in the seceded States, and the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States (December 18, 1865) extended the provisions to all parts of the federal union. The number of free Americans was increased four millions. The negroes, however, did not know how to use the newly acquired freedom and remained for the most part in the service of their old masters.

To-day, after more than forty years since the shackles of servitude were stricken from them, they are free only in name. Their constantly increasing numbers — there were, according to the census of 1900, more than ten million negroes in the United States — fill the white population with ever-deepening apprehension of a possible negro uprising with all of its attendant horrors. What to do with the negro is a question that every statesman has to face, but one that has not yet been met successfully. To transport the negroes to Africa is now impossible, whatever might have been the case at the close of the Civil War, and the problem becomes one of how the white population can absorb the colored race with the least harm to itself.

It is always difficult enough to make two races live side by side in peace, and the difficulty is intensified in the United States by the fact that the negroes were once slaves. The Southern people are accustomed to intercourse with the negroes, but in a manner not very helpful to either the negro or the white man. They

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are treated as an inferior race, as a people whose duty it is to be the "hewer of wood and carrier of water" for their more favored brothers. In spite of the Constitution of the United States to the contrary, in the Southern States, color, or rather the lack of it, is the badge of power. In many places, the negroes have virtually been reënslaved by laws which enable the whites to keep in their service negroes to whom they have advanced loans. The white people are not as careful as they should be, perhaps, of the education of the negro, for the very obvious reason that he could not be kept long in a condition of dependency. Of course, the Constitution of the United States gives the negro the right to vote, but the Southern States have found a way of disfranchising the majority of the negro population by educational qualifications which apply to ignorant blacks but not to equally ignorant whites. In many parts of the South, the negro population is greater than the white and the whites resort to these indirect methods to retain political control.

Nor is the hatred against the negro confined wholly to the Southern States. The people of the North and West have no particular love for the negro. They do not wish to stay all night at the same hotels that the negro patronizes; they object to him as an official; they even dislike a colored postman. In some places in the North and West, certain people are insisting that railroads provide separate coaches for negroes as is done in the South — a demand which is not likely to

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be complied with for the reason that there are not enough negroes to justify the additional expense.

Furthermore, no opportunity is lost anywhere to punish the negro for violations of the law. The percentage of convictions among the negroes is far higher than among the whites, but it is only fair to add that the court record is not an altogether just standard for determining the comparative criminal tendencies of the two races, though it is used by those who are opposed to the black man to prove his natural depravity. The truth of the matter is, negroes are frequently punished for offences for which whites are allowed to go free.

It might also be said that the court records do not show all the offences of the negroes. The white people only too often take the law into their own hands and mete out justice, more frequently *injustice*, to colored offenders. A very small offence is all that is necessary to inflame a race riot in which hundreds of innocent negroes are sure to fall victims to the insane passion of white men. For instance, in September, 1906, a riot broke out in Atlanta, Georgia. Men, women, and children were stoned and shot; they were pulled out of street cars and beaten to death. Thousands of infuriated white people searched for negroes who hid in cellars and attics; and not till eight companies of infantry and one piece of field artillery appeared could the authorities stop the wholesale slaughter.

It must be admitted that the negroes sometimes

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strike back in revenge, but this does not justify the cruelties of the white people. A few years ago the *Evening Post* of Vicksburg, Mississippi, reported a lynching which outdid the annals of the American Indian for cruelty. A negro was under the suspicion of having murdered a white man; when he learned that he was suspected, he fled with his surely innocent wife. They were both captured and tied to a tree. Then the angry mob began its devilish work: they cut off finger after finger and distributed them as keepsakes to the crowd; they cut off their ears; they pulled out pieces of flesh with cork-screws; and at last they burned them at the stake.

Mr. Roosevelt condemned such atrocities against the negro without hesitation, without mincing words. "A mob," said he, August 6, 1903, in a letter to the governor of Indiana, "is simply a form of anarchy, and anarchy to-day is just what it has always been: the servant and forerunner of tyranny. . . . All thinking men must be filled with direful apprehensions on account of the more and more frequent occurrence of lynching throughout our country, especially the revolting forms which the cruelties of the mob often take if a negro is the victim. In some cases, the mob seems to be concerned more about the color of the guilty one than about the crime itself. . . . Lynching itself is terrible even when it is restricted to those who are guilty of the inhuman crime of rape, but in fact it is never so limited nor indeed can be. Every

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man inclined to use force to accomplish an illegitimate purpose is encouraged by every case of lynching, in which the mob goes unpunished, to take the law into his own hands as he sees fit. The inhuman tortures resorted to by mobs at times will inevitably spread to others; a mob makes no distinction in crimes. The spirit of lawlessness grows with the form in which it receives nourishment; and, if the mob lynch criminals for certain reasons, they will, sooner or later, be ready to lynch real or would-be criminals for *other* reasons. . . . No patriotic citizen can be blind to the hideousness of mob violence nor to the ultimate result to which it must inevitably lead. All men and women in public life, editors, writers, ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, all who have any opportunity of appealing to the public conscience, should unite to stigmatize energetically such crimes and to support those whose duty it is to suppress them. We must as a people stand up for the liberty and decent treatment of every human being without regard to creed or color. We shall lose our own right to freedom if we tolerate crimes like those of which I am speaking.”

Mr. Roosevelt regards the negroes as citizens of the United States the same as white men, and holds that they should, therefore, enjoy the same rights and privileges and be subjected to no exceptional laws. If the white man would do that and see to it that the negro had an opportunity to educate himself in the same way as his former masters, he would gradually acquire that

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self-reliance and independence which would make him feel as an American citizen. With education of the right sort would disappear, too, all ground for fear on the part of the white man of negro revenge, for, if both races were protected and rewarded alike according to merit without distinction of color, the negroes would not think of taking bloody revenge but would work shoulder to shoulder with their white brothers in upholding the national honor and promoting the welfare of the whole people.

In his dealings with the negroes, Mr. Roosevelt has always been guided by general principles of right and justice. When he led his "Rough Riders" up San Juan Hill, the Tenth Regiment of cavalry (colored) joined him. All their white officers were killed and the command devolved upon Mr. Roosevelt. He treated them with the same respect that he treated his own men, and they reciprocated, obeyed him willingly and were as proud of their leader as the "Rough Riders" themselves. And the example of Mr. Roosevelt at that time was not without good effect. Though the majority of the "Rough Riders" were from the West where the sentiment against the negro is strong, they were on the best of terms with their colored companions and drank with them out of the same canteen.

How receptive and grateful the negro is for kindness at the hand of Colonel Roosevelt and his men is shown by an incident that happened shortly before the storming of San Juan Hill. As the "Rough Riders"

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passed the Tenth Regiment to the attack, some of the men saw a negro on the ground whose neck artery had been cut by an enemy's bullet, and who would have bled to death in a short time. A cowboy seeing the situation went to his relief; he stopped the flow of blood by pressing his finger upon the wound. He looked around for a surgeon but none was in sight. He threw his gun aside, sat down by the wounded man and sorrowfully watched his companions work their way up the hill; but not till a surgeon relieved him did he join his friends at the front. At the hospital to which the negro was taken, he told with tearful eyes how a "Rough Rider" had saved his life, and concluded, "Yes, he did that — and yet I am only a 'nigger'!"

Mr. Roosevelt has often given offence, especially to Southern people, by his treatment of the negro. When, in October, 1907, he invited Booker T. Washington, a man who has done more for his race than all white men combined, to the White House and dined with him, a storm of indignation arose. Mr. Roosevelt, however, did not care. To him the black man who had risen from slavery to a position of such power and influence among his people was worthy of the highest honor. He had built for himself a lasting monument in the great institution which he established at Tuskegee. He had done things and was still doing things and the president of the United States felt that he should like to hear from his own lips the opinions of the greatest

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of his race on the vexed negro question. That the man was black, mattered not at all to him; he was a loyal citizen and an honorable man and, therefore, worthy to sit at the first table of the land.

In many Southern States, the negro population is far greater than the white. In South Carolina the colored vote exceeds the white by twenty thousand. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, thought it nothing but right that the negroes should have at least one of the important federal offices of the State, provided a suitable man could be found. He accordingly appointed Dr. Crum, the negro physician, collector of customs at Charleston. In spite of the fact that Dr. Crum was a man of irreproachable character and excellent education, a man highly respected not only by his own people but by white men as well, President Roosevelt was bitterly criticised by a number of newspapers and accused of trying to introduce negro dominance in the South. They threatened that, if he ever visited the South, the *people* would show him how little they thought of him and his pro-negro sentiments.

Fortunately, however, the people of the South were far more noble and patriotic than the press would have the country think, for when Mr. Roosevelt did visit the South on one of his tours of the United States, he was accorded the highest respect everywhere and thousands of people came out to hear what he had to say. At Springfield, Illinois, at the tomb of Lincoln, where a detachment of colored militia was drawn up,

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Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to express his opinion in regard to the negro. He said, remembering the bravery of the negro regiment in the Cuban campaign, that "men who had been good enough to shed their blood for their country were good enough to deserve decent treatment from that country and its people."

During his administration, Mr. Roosevelt was especially solicitous for the welfare of the army and navy. In his "Life of Thomas H. Benton," in speaking of the Civil War, he says that the unpreparedness of the United States government for war is proverbial and then adds that there is always more danger of spending too little than of spending too much for protection against a possible war. He had himself seen how inefficient the army and navy were during the Cuban war. As soon, therefore, as the opportunity was given him, he set about with characteristic zeal to raise the standard of efficiency of the fighting forces.

According to the law of February 2, 1901, the army shall consist of — besides the staff of administration and technical troops, such as the railroad and field-telegraph corps — fifteen regiments of cavalry, thirty regiments of infantry, and one artillery corps. A regiment of infantry is divided into three battalions of four companies each; a cavalry regiment into three detachments of four troops each. Every regiment, infantry and cavalry, has a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, three majors, fifteen captains, fifteen first-lieutenants, and fifteen lieutenants. The artillery corps is

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divided into field artillery, to which also belong the occupation-artillery, mountain-artillery, and machine-gun batteries, together with thirty battalions; and into the coast artillery, to which belong those having charge of submarine mines and torpedoes, together with one hundred and twenty-six battalions.

Another interesting feature of the law is the clause which gives volunteer officers of the Spanish-American War the right to retain the titles they held at the close of the war and to wear on solemn occasions the uniforms of their rank. According to this, Mr. Roosevelt will be entitled to wear the uniform of a brigadier-general, for he was brevetted brigadier-general after the battle of San Juan. As president he is commander-in-chief of all the forces on land and sea.

As a supplement to the law of 1901, another was passed, January 23, 1903, known as the "Law for the Increase of the Efficiency of the Militia." All able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five belong to the militia. The militia is divided into two classes, the organized, or National Guard, and the Reserve. The organized militia is drilled in the same manner as the standing army. The president has the right to call the militia to the colors whenever he deems it advisable, and he may keep them under arms as much as nine months in a year. The militia when in service get the same pay as members of the standing army, and are court-martialled for failure to report when called into service.

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The militia in the various States is under the supervision of the adjutant-general, who in turn is responsible to the secretary of war. The militia is drilled in companies and regiments. Special attention is given to long marches, camp life (at least five days in succession), as well as to firing tactics and target practice.

Article 23 of the law deals in detail with the candidates for commissioned officers. The applicants must pass an examination in order to prove that they have the practical qualifications. Another clause is especially interesting: it provides that no one shall be appointed lieutenant after he has reached the age of thirty, first lieutenant after thirty-five, captain after forty, major after forty-five, lieutenant-colonel after fifty, and colonel after fifty-five.

The limited extent of this little book forbids our going deeper into details of Roosevelt's army reforms. His influence extended to every department of government. Commerce and industry, agriculture and forestry, every branch of the government service received his earnest attention. He wiped out abuses that had crept into the post-office department; he reformed the diplomatic and consular service by sending able men to foreign countries; he compelled the courts to be more punctual in the discharge of their duties; he introduced system and fairness into the pension bureau and saw to it that the old soldier, the widow, and the orphan were cared for; he set the whole executive machinery into more regular and quicker motion; and

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he even dared to reform the English spelling. But not only did he make the executive department more efficient than it had ever been before (at least for years), but he spurred Congress to such unusual activity that the sessions under his administration are looked upon as the most important in the life of the Republic. He accomplished much and lasting good, but he did not accomplish all that he wished to do.

As far as administrative measures were concerned he succeeded, for there he had a free hand, but whenever new legislation was needed to make any reform effective, he was handicapped, for Congress is the law-making body in the American republic. The president can not get the most popular measure enacted into law unless the members of Congress are willing, excepting in war times, when Congress is to all intents and purposes the servant of the president, who has almost unlimited powers.

Had Mr. Roosevelt done nothing more than what we have thus far mentioned, he would have had a just claim upon every American citizen as a benefactor of mankind. Whether his name would have extended to foreign nations and whether the United States would to-day hold the place which she holds in the council of Nations, is more than doubtful. The course of American politics usually runs smoothly without disturbing in the least the great stream of world affairs; but under Mr. Roosevelt the Stars and Stripes became known and respected in all civilized countries. As never

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before, America played her part in the great game of world politics.

Under the leadership of President McKinley, Cuba and the Philippines had been freed from the Spanish yoke, but it was under the direction of him who led his "Rough Riders" up San Juan Hill that Cuba came into possession of real liberty and peace and that the Philippines passed from a state of chaos to that of order through American discipline and education.

It is true that a permanent occupation of the Philippine Islands would be in every way contradictory to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, of which Mr. Roosevelt is a firm adherent, for, if America belongs to Americans, the same doctrines teach that the Philippines belong to the Filipinos. If the Americans will not acknowledge the right of the Filipinos to self-government, they can not consistently support the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted and advocated by Mr. Roosevelt and his adherents. Of course, the full and ultimate conclusions of the Monroe Doctrine have never been insisted on. Canada still belongs to England, and the United States has frequently interfered in European affairs, for instance in Turkey and Roumania. When, on the other hand, Germany, England, and Italy blockaded, in the year 1901, some ports of Venezuela, Mr. Roosevelt, pointing to the Monroe Doctrine as a precedent, at once asked for an assurance that a permanent occupation of the region was not intended.

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Though the doctrine, as enunciated by James Monroe in 1823, originally provided only that no European power should acquire territory on the American continent nor should interfere at all in American affairs, and that the American would not meddle with European matters, the United States has advanced step by step till now she asserts the right to act as a protector over the Central and South American States. Venezuela could, therefore, hide behind her "big brother" of the North, who had assumed the task of protecting her as well as other American States. The Monroe Doctrine makes it possible for the United States to build the Panama Canal with American money, under her own exclusive supervision and control.

By a treaty bearing the date of November 18, 1903, the newly formed Republic of Panama ceded to the United States a strip of land ten miles wide, five miles each side of the proposed canal, and granted to the United States the right to erect fortifications thereon at her own discretion. The United States paid to the old Panama Company for certain material and work done forty million dollars and has pledged herself to pay to the government of Panama ten million dollars when the canal shall have been completed, and an annual dividend of one-fourth million dollars thereafter, and has guaranteed the independence of the Republic of Panama and bound herself to preserve peace in the Isthmus. That Mr. Roosevelt has assured

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the building of the canal and of keeping it under the jurisdiction of the United States is a task the value of which only future generations can appreciate. Not only will the nations of the Western Hemisphere be benefited by it, but the nations of the world will share in the advantages of the great canal.

As with the Panama Canal, so with the Hague Tribunal, the name of Theodore Roosevelt is inseparably linked. Though Mr. Roosevelt is not a blatant advocate of peace, though he does not believe in peace at all hazards, he sees in an international court of arbitration, such as the Hague Tribunal, a far-reaching power for good in settling in a peaceful way difficulties between nations. To strengthen its authority, he declined, in 1902, the role of arbitrator of the Venezuela trouble and suggested that the matter be laid before the Hague Court for decision.

It is still fresh in the memory of men how he brought the Russian-Japanese war to a close. After the war had been in progress for sixteen months, he took it upon himself to inform the hostile governments that war had continued long enough, that enough blood had been shed, and that the interests of mankind demanded that they come to some agreement whereby hostilities might cease. His note to the respective powers was as follows:

“The president feels that the time has come when in the interest of all mankind he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable con-

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flict now being waged. With both Russia and Japan the United States has inherited ties of friendship and good will. It hopes for the prosperity and welfare of each, and it feels that the progress of the world is set back by the war between these two great nations. The president accordingly urges the Russian and Japanese governments, not only for their own sakes, but in the interest of the whole civilized world, to open direct negotiations for peace with each other. The president suggests that these peace negotiations be conducted directly and exclusively between the belligerents. . . . While the president does not feel that any intermediary should be called in in respect to peace negotiations themselves, he is entirely willing to do what he properly can if the two powers concerned feel that his services will be of aid in arranging the preliminaries as to the time and place of meeting. But even if these preliminaries can be arranged directly between the two powers, or in any other way, the president will be glad, as his sole purpose is to bring about a meeting which the whole civilized world will pray may result in peace."

The earnest, manly appeal bore fruit. On August 5, Mr. Roosevelt had the pleasure of introducing the representatives of Japan and Russia on board the *Mayflower*, and on August 12, the peace preliminaries began at Portsmouth, the American war port in New Hampshire. The negotiations between Witte and Komura progressed nicely till the question of indemnity was reached. Japan asked a money indemnity and the cession of the island of Saghalien, both of which the Russian commissioners refused to grant. It seemed for a time as if the negotiations would be broken off without having accomplished anything. Mr.

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Roosevelt again exerted himself to prevent such a break, and was successful. On September 5, the plenipotentiaries reached an agreement and peace was secured. Continuously from the time that he sent his first note to the powers in June till peace was declared on September 5, Mr. Roosevelt used his great influence to further the cause of peace, and deserves the thanks of the civilized world for what he accomplished.

Many other things might yet be mentioned that Mr. Roosevelt did, during his administration, to the lasting benefit of his country: the law against anarchists, his financial policy, his attempt to suppress the use of opium, the termination of border difficulties in Alaska, the purchase of the Danish Antilles, his interposition in behalf of the Roumanian and Russian Jews, his tariff reciprocity with the German Empire, his allaying of the "yellow peril" scare in California, and others too numerous to mention. Space forbids, for to go into all these things in detail would be to give a history of the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The spirit that moved Mr. Roosevelt to the performance of these manifold duties was always the same: a pure and lofty love for his country and the desire to help his fellow citizens, and as far as in him lay his fellow beings, to the full attainment and the just appreciation of their rights, these were the guiding motives of his life as president of the United States.

Nor have his methods of attaining his ends ever

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changed. He is not an advocate of the doctrine that the end will justify the means; but he has always studiously avoided crooked paths to his goal. His often almost baffling sincerity and frankness has made its impression upon his people. They had too often seen a president at the head of their nation who would hide his purposes behind a smiling exterior and cover his actions with a veil of secrecy. But no secrecy with Roosevelt! All the people know what he wishes to do and why he wants to do it.

That the people were satisfied with his politics and grateful for his success is shown by his election in 1904. At the Republican National Convention of that year in Chicago, the speeches were one long song of praise of his administration and his character. Ex-Governor Black of New York said, among other things:

“ He is no slender flower swaying in the wind, but that heroic fibre which is best nurtured by the mountains and snow. He spends little time in review, for that he knows can be done by the schools. A statesman grappling with the living problems of the hour he gropes but little in the past. He believes in going ahead. He believes that in shaping the destinies of this great republic, hope is a higher impulse than regret. He believes that preparation for future triumphs is a more important duty than an inventory of past mistakes. A profound student of history, he is to-day the greatest history maker in the world. . . . The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem, and yet out in the

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smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray, but peace will come here to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men. Events are numberless and mighty, and no man can tell which wire runs around the world. The nation basking to-day in the quiet of contentment and repose may still be on the deadly circuit and to-morrow writhing in the toils of war. This is the time when great figures must be kept in front. If the pressure is great the material to resist it must be granite and iron. Whether we wish it or not, America is abroad in this world. Her interests are in every street, her name is on every tongue. Those interests so sacred and stupendous should be trusted only to the care of those whose power, skill, and courage have been tested and approved. And in the man whom you will choose, the highest sense of every nation in the world beholds a man who typifies as no other living American does, the spirit and the purposes of the twentieth century. He does not claim to be the Solomon of his time. There are many things he may not know, but this is sure, that above all things else he stands for progress, courage, and fair play, which are the synonyms of the American name.

“There are times when great fitness is hardly less than destiny, when the elements so come together that they select the agent they will use. Events sometimes select the strongest man, as lightning goes down the highest rod. And so it is with those events which for many months with unerring sight have led you to a single name which I am chosen only to pronounce: Gentlemen, I nominate for president of the United States the highest living type of the youth, the vigor, and the promise of a great country and a great age, Theodore Roosevelt of New York.”

Immense and long was the applause which greeted Mr. Black as he closed his speech. Senator Beveridge

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of Indiana then stepped forward, and addressed the convention as follows:

“ Gentlemen of the Convention:— One difference between the opposition and ourselves is this: They select their candidate for the people, and the people select our candidate for us. . . . Theodore Roosevelt is a leader who leads . . . While he is president no wrong-doer in the service of the Government will go unwhipped of justice. . . . The American people will elect him because, in a word, they know that he does things the people want done; does things, not merely discusses them—does things only after discussing them—but does things; and does only those things the people would have him do. . . . And so the people trust him as a statesman. Better than that, they love him as a man. He wins admiration in vain who wins not affection also. In the American home—that temple of happiness and virtue where dwell the wives and mothers of the Republic, cherishing the beautiful in life and guarding the morality of the Nation—in the American home the name of Theodore Roosevelt is not only honored but beloved. And that is a greater triumph than the victory of battlefields, greater credit than successful statesmanship, greater honor than the presidency itself would be without it. Life holds no reward so noble as the confidence and love of the American people. . . . Full of the old-time faith in the Republic and its destiny; charged with the energy of the Republic’s full manhood; cherishing the ordinances of the Republic’s fathers and having in his heart the fear of God; inspired by the sure knowledge that the Republic’s splendid day is only in its dawn, Theodore Roosevelt will lead the American people in paths of safety to still greater welfare for themselves, still broader betterment of the race and to the added honor of the American name.”

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Then a delegate from Georgia arose and voiced the sentiment of the State that was going to show contempt for him, according to the report of newspapers.

“ We of the South believe in Roosevelt, and in his ability to meet every issue at home and abroad, triumphantly. We believe that he is animated by a spirit of patriotism as broad and as bright as has ever streamed from the White House over our beloved country; and we believe that when he has fulfilled his mission, he, the son of the North and South, will carry with him the consciousness that Fatherland and Motherland, once divorced in sadness, through him and because of him have been drawn together again in the bonds of the old affection. And we believe that when he goes at length into the retirement of private life, he will go beloved of all patriotic Americans, from Canada to the Gulf and from Ocean to Ocean.”

When the speeches were ended, the chairman of the convention said: “ The total number of votes in the convention is 994. Theodore Roosevelt has received 994 votes; and it only remains for me to announce that Theodore Roosevelt, of the State of New York, is your candidate for the presidency for the term commencing on the fourth of March, 1905.”

What the representatives of the various States had promised, the people made good at the polls in November. States and districts which had never before gone Republican voted for Roosevelt, so that he was elected with a majority of more than two millions. His was the most overwhelming victory in the history of the United States. A statement of a Democrat and, therefore, a man who opposed Mr. Roosevelt, may fitly

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close this chapter. In "Success Magazine" (May, 1907), he says:

"The blind belief which the people of the farming districts place in Roosevelt is almost pitiful. The people believe that he represents them at Washington and for that reason they are beginning to expect from him and the national administration a law against everything that oppresses them. On account of this belief in Roosevelt, they think that his power is unlimited. They are of the opinion that every session of Congress is a conflict between the president on one hand and the Senate and the House on the other in which the president is always the champion of their cause. In fact, even the most ardent Democratic orator begins his speeches with compliments to Roosevelt, for in no other way can he get the attention of those present." This is sufficient testimony to the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt with the great masses of the American people.

CHAPTER XII

PERSONALITY AND PRIVATE LIFE

IN HIS excellent book, "The Americans,"* Professor Münsterberg gives the following characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt:

"There have been differences of opinion, and, as was to be expected, complaints and criticisms have come from the midst of his own party. Yet any one who looks at his whole administration will see that in those first years Roosevelt won a more difficult and brilliant victory than he had won over the Spanish troops.

"He had three virtues which especially overcame all small criticism. The people felt, in the first place, that a moral force was here at work which was more powerful than any mere political address or diplomatic subtlety. An immediate ethical force was here felt which owned to ideas above any party, and set inner ideals above merely outward success. Roosevelt's second virtue was courage. A certain purely ethical ideal exalted above all petty expediencies was for him not only the nucleus of his own creed, but was also his spring of action; and he took no account of personal dangers. Here was the key-note of all his speeches—it is not enough to approve of what is right, it is equally necessary to act for it fearlessly and unequivocally. Then he went on to his work, and if, indeed, in complicated political situations the president has had at times to clinch some points by aid of compromise, nevertheless the nation has felt with growing confidence that

* "The Americans" by Hugo Münsterberg. Copyright Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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at no serious moment has he wavered a hair's breadth from the straight line of his convictions, and that he has had the courage to disregard everything but what he held to be right. And, thirdly, Roosevelt had the virtue of being sincere.

"McKinley also had purposed to do right, but he had hardly an occasion for displaying great courage since so incomparably discreet a politician as he was could avoid every conflict with his associates, and he was ever the leader on highways which the popular humor had indicated. Thus the masses never felt that he was at bottom lacking in courage or that he always put off responsibility on others. The masses did, however, instinctively feel that McKinley's astute and kindly words were not always sincere; his words were often to conceal something which was locked up behind his Napoleonic forehead. And now there succeeded him an enthusiast who brimmed over plain expressions of what he felt, and whose words were so convincingly candid and so without reservation that every one had the feeling of being in the personal confidence of the president.

"There was a good deal more beside his moral earnestness, his courage, and his frank honesty which contributed to Roosevelt's entire success. His lack of prejudice won the lower classes, and his aristocratic breeding and education won the upper, while the middle classes were enthusiastic over his sportsmanship. No president had been more unprejudiced or more truly democratic. He met the poor miner on the same footing as he met the mine owner; he invited the negro to the White House; he sat down and broke bread with the cow-boys; and when he travelled he first shook the sooty hand of the locomotive engineer before he greeted the gentlemen who had gathered about in their silk hats. And, nevertheless, he was in many years the first real aristocrat to become president.

"Roosevelt was the first to lift himself from these circles and become a great leader. Not alone the nobility of his

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character but also of his culture and traditions was shown in his entire habit of mind. Never in his speeches or writings has he cited that socially equalizing Declaration of Independence, and while his speeches at banquets and small gatherings of scholarly men have been incomparably more fascinating than his strenuous utterances to the voters, which he has made on his public tours, it has been often less the originality of his thoughts and still less the peculiarly taking quality of his delivery, than the evidences of ripe culture, which seem to pervade his political thought. Thus the smaller the circle to which he speaks the greater is his advantage; and in speaking with him personally on serious problems one feels that distinction of thought, breadth of historical outlook, and confidence in self have united in him to create a personality after the grand manner.

“ The impression which Roosevelt has made on his own country has not been more profound than his influence on the galaxy of nations. At the very hour when the United States by their economic and territorial expansion stepped into the circle of world powers, they had at their head a personality who, for the first time in decades, had been able to make a great, characteristic, and, most of all, a dramatic impression on the peoples of Europe. And if this hour was to be made the most of it was not enough that this leader should by his impulsiveness and self-will, by his picturesque gestures and effective utterance, chain the attention of the masses and excite all newspaper readers, but he must also win the sympathies of the keener and finer minds, and excite some sympathetic response in the heads of monarchies. A second Lincoln would never have been able to do this, and just this was what the moment demanded. The nation's world-wide position in politics needed some comparable expansion in the social sphere. Other peoples were to welcome their new comrades not only in the official bureau but also in the reception-room, and this young president had always at his command a graceful word, a tactful expedient, and a

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distinguished and hospitable address. He was, in short, quite the right man.

“Any new person taking hold so firmly has to disturb a good many things; busied with so much, he must overturn a good deal which would prefer to be left as it was. The honest man has his goodly share of enemies. And it is not to be denied that Roosevelt has the failings of his virtues, and these have borne their consequences. Many national dangers, which are always to be feared from officials of Roosevelt’s type, are largely obviated by the democratic customs of the country. He lives amid a people not afraid to tell him the whole truth, and every criticism reaches his ear. And there is another thing not less important: democracy forces every man into that line of activity for which the nation has elected him.

“A somewhat overactive mind like Roosevelt’s has opinions on many problems, and his exceptional political position easily betrays one at first into laying exceptional weight on one’s own opinions about every subject. But here the traditions of the country have been decisive; it knows no president for general enlightenment, but only a political leader whose private opinions outside politics are of no special importance. In this as in other respects Roosevelt has profited by experience. There is no doubt that when he came to the White House he underestimated the power of senators and party leaders. The invisible obstructions, which were somehow hidden behind the scenes, have no doubt given him many painful lessons. In his endeavor to realize so many heartfelt convictions, he has often met with arbitrary opposition made simply to let the new leader feel that obstructions can be put in his way unless he takes account of all sorts of factors. But these warnings have really done him no harm, for Roosevelt was not the man to be brought by them into that party subserviency which had satisfied McKinley. They merely held him back from that reckless independence which is so foreign to the American party spirit, and which in the later

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years of Cleveland's administration had worked so badly. Indeed, one might say that the outcome has been an ideal synthesis of Cleveland's consistency and McKinley's power of adaptation.

"For the fanatics of party Roosevelt has been, of course, too independent, while to the opponents of party he has seemed too yielding. Both of these criticisms have been made, in many different connections, since everywhere he has stood on a watch tower above the fighting lines of any party. When in the struggles between capital and labor he seriously took into account the just grievances of the working-man he was denounced as a socialist. And when he did not at once stretch out his hand to demolish all corporations he was called a servant of the stock exchange. When he appointed officials in the South without reference to their party allegiance, the Republicans bellowed loudly; and when he did not sanction the Southern outrages against the negro the Democrats became furious. When everything is considered, however, he has observed the maxim of President Hayes, 'He best serves his party who serves his country best.'

"In this there has been another factor at work. Roosevelt may not have had McKinley's broad experience in legislative matters, nor have known the reefs and bars in the Congressional sea, but for the executive office, for the administration of civil service and the army and navy, for the solution of federal, civil, and municipal problems his years of study and travel have been an ideal preparation. Behind his practical training he has had the clear eye of the historian. The United States had their proverbial good luck when the Mephistos of the Republican party prevailed on the formidable governor of New York to undertake the thankless office of vice-president. If this nomination had gone as the better politicians wished it to go, the death of McKinley would have placed a typical politician at the helm instead of the best president which the country has had for many years."

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The American citizen claims for himself the right to come in contact with the president at any time. Consequently admission to the White House is allowed to every one. If the secret service men who are always on duty there do not put out a visitor from time to time, the president receives every one who reaches the waiting room. On four days in the week from 10:00 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., he can hardly think of doing any serious work, for he is constantly interrupted by people who have come to see him, to exchange a few words with him or quietly to shake his hand. On New Year's Day, a grand reception is held at the White House. The visitors file past the president in a long line, who stands at one end of the reception hall with his wife. The president shakes hands with every one, man, woman, and child, but his wife merely nods a greeting. Nor can one blame her for not offering her hand, for the number of visitors usually mounts up to five or seven thousand.

These public office hours are a severe strain upon the physical strength of the president as well as a drain upon the necessarily limited time for the business of State. The president seldom has time for proper recreation; he must take it if he gets it at all.

Mr. Roosevelt generally retires* at between 11:00 and 12:00 P.M., and arises promptly at 7:00 A.M.

* As before stated, the translator has not thought best to change the author's form of statement, even though the incidents are now in the past.—*Translator*.

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In the West, he acquired the habit of shaving himself and he generally shaves himself to-day. At 8:30 he takes breakfast — oatmeal, eggs, bacon, coffee, and rolls — and is in his office invariably at 9:45 to go over the mail with his private secretary, Mr. Loeb. Of course, only the most important letters are placed before him, for, as he receives about 1200 letters daily, it would be manifestly impossible for him to answer them all.

Between 10:00 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., he receives all kinds of people, dictates letters, and attends to public affairs as far as possible in the intervals. At 1:30, he has his lunch with his family, to which meal he often takes, without formal invitation, one or more visitors in order to attend, during the conversation at the table, to the business that brought the visitors to him.

At 2:00 P.M., the official receptions are given in the Blue Room of the White House. At this time, ambassadors, or other eminent representatives of foreign countries see him. The reception usually lasts till 3:00 P.M., after which he goes again to his office to attend once more to his mail and to sign papers that need his signature. The number of such papers is immense, for he must sign every promotion in the army and navy, every appointment of a postmaster, official of the treasury, of every federal judge and of the entire personnel of the diplomatic and consular service, all pardons, laws and proclamations relating to public lands and many other things.

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If at all possible, he leaves his work at 6:00 P.M., in order to get some recreation before dinner at 8:00 P.M. He takes his time at dinner and often spends a whole hour with his family at the table. He informs himself in regard to the most important events of the day from newspapers, magazines, and books. He reads rapidly and much, and his reading is as varied as it is extensive. He reads books in most of the leading languages of the world and is conversant with their literature from the earliest to the most recent times. In the stillness of his library after dinner, he dictates, before retiring, his important official documents, such as messages to Congress. He seldom writes himself, but dictates while walking up and down the room in order to collect his thoughts. His mind seems to be more active when his body is moving.

In personal habits, he is almost Puritanic: he does not smoke and drinks little.

President Roosevelt finds his recreation in horse-back riding, walking, boxing, and tennis. In the city he can not walk on the streets without being stopped by numerous people who wish to shake hands with him. He, therefore, prefers to ride into the country, sometimes accompanied by his wife or some of his children. At times he delights to take daring rides through woods and fields, over fallen logs and fences. The German ambassador, Baron von Sternberg, who is on familiar terms with the president, frequently is his companion on these hard and fearless rides.

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His walks are really something to be dreaded by one who is not toughened to the exercise. He steps out at such a quick pace that the one who keeps up with him is soon covered with perspiration and thanks his stars when the walk is over. It is jocosely said in Washington that there are those who can not sleep at night for fear that President Roosevelt might invite them for a walk.

Although Mr. Roosevelt is passionately fond of tennis and is considered a good player, boxing is his greatest delight. He keeps a professional boxer for that purpose and measures his strength with him in long and energetic bouts. During the Winter and Spring of 1904, a famous Japanese boxer was his daily opponent.

If one looks at President Roosevelt only from the official side, as is likely to be the case with people from foreign countries, one's impression of him is likely to take on a certain austerity and rigidity which the man's nature does not justify. To many who see him only in the performance of some official duty, he may appear a hard-headed, imperious man in whose heart there is no room for the finer things of the affections, who always comes down with an iron fist and who, as the *Witzblätter* at one time put it, occupies the position of a "World-policeman." But such is the rankest folly. Whoever has come in personal contact with him has been delighted with the amiableness of his cordiality. He knows no stiff formality and condescending smile; but his animated conversation, and

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the contagious cheerfulness which usually breaks through it, give him the right of way to the heart of every visitor.

Many a countryman of ours has seen Mr. Roosevelt at the White House and has carried home with him a lasting impression of a strong personality. For instance, Hermann Knauer tells us in his book, "Deutschland am Mississippi," of his meeting with Mr. Roosevelt:

"The reception room of the president to which we entered from the lower floor is used, also, as a session room. The ceiling, walls, and doors are kept spotlessly white; the mahogany furniture shows the unmistakable marks of age; the arm chairs are very comfortable; book-shelves with reference works, bronze lights, and some pictures of the navy make the outfit complete. For those who are thirsty, a big silver reservoir with ice-water and glasses is in readiness.

"But I had not long to examine the room: the door of the adjoining office opened and with a firm, quick step President Roosevelt entered with outstretched hand and kindly words of greeting. Energy and vivacity was expressed in his every movement no less than in his lithe and well-built frame. His keen eyes look out from his gold-rimmed spectacles with an open and penetrating gaze. On his strongly masculine and expressive face, there is the faintest trace of a winning smile, which baffles the skill of the photographer to catch. When he smiles — and the president seems fond of smiling — he shows a splendid set of teeth. A man through and through, that is the impression made upon the observer by Theodore Roosevelt!

"The conversation was carried on at first in German. 'You must excuse me,' said the president, 'for it has been thirty years since I have spoken any German to amount to anything, though I read German fairly well and delight in German books. When I was at Dresden, I understood your language very well and at

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one time knew the "Nibelungenlied" by heart; but to-day, if I wished to repeat it, it would be more the "Nibelungen Noth" for me.' In a very considerate manner, the president then inquired about my impressions of America and expressed the hope that my visit to the United States might prove pleasant and profitable. The great St. Louis Exposition was then mentioned and the president spoke of the German exhibit and the large number of German visitors, which was shown by the fact that every steamer for New York from Germany was loaded to its full capacity. He spoke with great warmth of a well-known German scientist then in Chicago and added that he was delighted to be able to greet so many distinguished men of Germany. When the name of a certain German historian was brought up, the president casually remarked, 'I am something of an historian myself,' having doubtless in mind his 'Naval War of 1812' and 'History of New York.' During the entire conversation, it was evident that President Roosevelt entertains the kindest of feelings for Germany, and when I left, he expressed the hope of a *Wiedersehen* in the most cordial manner, repeatedly shaking hands with me. I was delighted to receive a few days later a photograph of the president with the friendly inscription, *A Remembrance of the Hour.*"

It is often said that the words of President Roosevelt to the Germans are no more than polite phrases, that he addresses Englishmen and Frenchmen in the same way. We can not expect the head of a great nation to treat the citizens of one country more cordially than those of another; yet it is quite evident that Mr. Roosevelt is personally more kindly disposed toward Germany than to any other European country, though he would be the last man to show favoritism in an official way. As a boy, he longed to visit Germany, and to-day he looks back with pleasure to the

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few months spent upon our shore. In recent years, he has even expressed a desire to visit us once more, but, of course, he can not do it as long as he is president, for the Constitution forbids the president to leave the territory of United States.

Often in his speeches and books, Mr. Roosevelt has mentioned the Germans in terms of highest respect. In his "Winning of the West," he speaks of the Germans as composing a part of that pioneer band that broke up the wilderness tract and spread civilization into the domain of the red man, and in a speech before the students of Clark University (June 22, 1905), he held up Germany as a model. He wished, he said, that the Americans could make the German idealism their own, and also that sharp, practical, healthy German intelligence which enables them to transmute that idealism into the most perfect military and commercial organizations that the world has ever seen.

We all know how highly our emperor esteems Mr. Roosevelt. The visit of Prince Henry, the christening of the yacht, *Meteor*, by Alice Roosevelt, the presentation of the statue of Frederick the Great, the exchange of professors, and the recent visit of the German warships to the Naval Review at Charleston under command of Von Reuben Paschwitz, who, as a military *attaché*, took part in the Cuban war — these are a few of many proofs of the good relationship existing between the two countries.

And Mr. Roosevelt esteems our emperor highly. He

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once said that, if Emperor William had been born in America, even in the lowest social position, he would surely have become the leader of his district. When he sent Generals Young and Corbin to Germany on the invitation of the emperor, he concluded his orders to them in these words: "Tell the emperor that I would like to see him ride at the head of his troops. By George, I would! And give him my hearty regards. Some day we shall have a spin together."

The generals carried out their instructions to the letter, and the emperor was delighted. The emperor then inquired of General Corbin if he had ever been in Germany before.

"Not in this part," replied the general.

"In which part?" queried the emperor.

"In Cincinnati and St. Louis," came the quick response; and the emperor broke into a hearty laugh.

Emperor William and President Roosevelt have often been compared, and in many ways they resemble each other. They are very nearly the same age; they are both men of strong physique and passionately fond of sports. They are both devoted to the interest of their respective countries: the one stands for *Greater Germany*, the other for *Greater America*. They are both men of lofty ideals of the optimistic type: they believe firmly in man and in the ultimate progress of humanity. They are alike good speakers and excellent soldiers who advocate peace by a strong army and a navy always ready for duty. Their love of work,

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their many-sidedness, their power of endurance are equally admirable. The family life of each is exemplary and inspiring to the youths upon whom the future of the countries rests. Emperor William met the children on the play-grounds and parade fields; President Roosevelt invited them to the White House and entertained more than six hundred of them at one time. Both are reckless horsemen: the emperor posts over the Bornstedter field at the head of his *Garde-Hussars*; and the president places himself at the head of the cavalry drawn up at the railroad station in his honor and rides with a detachment in a charge over the old field of Chickamauga where the whole line is soon lost in a cloud of dust. Emperor William, when on board the *Hohenzollern*, conducts religious services; and President Roosevelt occasionally speaks in the Dutch Reformed church, of which he is a member, on biblical themes.

Mr. Roosevelt's Christianity is practical. He once preached in a church in Chicago from the text, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." He said, "We must be doers, not simply hearers. Every one who is really a Christian must feel a deep shame on seeing a hypocrite who disgraces his Christianity and his manhood. He who performs all the ceremonies of the church and does not follow its teaching in his daily life is not a Christian. Church attendance alone is not enough. We must study the Bible and take its teachings to our hearts; we must apply them to our daily

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life. Man's first duty is to his home. The necessity for heroic actions comes seldom, but the ever monotonous life surrounds us on every hand, and it takes hearts of heroic courage to live it well."

Mr. Roosevelt is a model preacher because he practises what he preaches. Wherever he can make a sad heart happy, he does it gladly. Thousands have been helped by his kindness. Innumerable almost, are the stories which are told of his kindness and tenderness of heart, typical of which are the following:

As the guerilla warfare dragged on in the Philippines, the order was given out from the Department of War that only the names of officers killed should be reported by cable to Washington and just the number of privates fallen. As soon as it was announced through the press of the country that a certain regiment had been engaged, the parents and relatives of the soldiers besieged the Department of War for information, but they were kept waiting an anxious six weeks till the news was brought by mail.

The order had been promulgated without the knowledge of President Roosevelt, and when the facts were reported to him at Oyster Bay, his summer home, General Corbin was present. He asked the general what the order meant. To which the general replied that it had been given for purposes of economy, that every officer had a symbol in the telegraphic code, but to give the full name and regiment of every private would cost upwards of twenty-five dollars.

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When Mr. Roosevelt heard the explanation, he said, "Corbin, can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?"

The general thought he might wait till he got to Washington; he was going in an hour.

"No," said the president; "no, we will not wait. Send the order to have the names telegraphed, now. Those mothers gave the best they had to their country. We will not have them breaking their hearts for twenty-five dollars, or for fifty. Save the money somewhere else."

The office of President Roosevelt, when he is at his summer home, is at Oyster Bay, but the president himself lives at Sagamore Hill and hardly ever goes to Oyster Bay. One day an old lady called at the office in Oyster Bay and sat down on the stairs to wait for Mr. Roosevelt. She was the widow of an officer who had distinguished himself in the Civil War and she wished to speak with the president about her pension. She waited for hours, till told that the president would not be there. She could not be persuaded to leave, however, without seeing him; and she waited.

When President Roosevelt learned incidentally of his patient visitor, he telegraphed to his office to send the woman to Sagamore Hill. When the carriage drove to the door, Mr. Roosevelt himself helped her from her carriage and greeted her with: "It is an honor to have the pleasure of meeting you. I have heard of your husband; he was a hero, but I will tell

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you what I think of heroes. I do not believe that a man can be a real hero unless he has a good wife."

It is needless to say that the pension claim was settled in a manner satisfactory to the visitor.

The family life of Mr. Roosevelt is most happy. He is on the most endearing and familiar terms with his children, and when he takes his vacation at Sagamore Hill, they are delighted beyond measure, for they can then have him to themselves for a few days. In his wife, he has a companion of the most helpful sort, a most efficient wife and mother. Four boys and one girl have been born to the union: the oldest Theodore, 1887, and the youngest Quentin, 1897. The daughter of his first marriage, Alice, was married a short time ago. The children all have attended the public schools at Oyster Bay and some of them are still attending them. Not until they have finished the grades are they sent to a higher private school to prepare them for the university.

The great secret of Roosevelt's popularity with his children and of his success in rearing them consists in his always being a child with them, a secret of which his father was a past master, as the readers of this biography will recall. He shares their sports with them, patiently entering into any innocent play that they may suggest. He himself teaches his boys to shoot and has erected a target at Sagamore Hill for that purpose. He goes swimming with them or rides with them and the neighbor boys through the country,

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or rows them all to a secluded nook on the shore, where, hidden from the view of too curious photographers, they can enjoy themselves as they wish.

It is a great event in the life of the children when Mr. Roosevelt makes a camping trip of a few days with his own boys and those of the neighbors. When the place of destination is reached, the boys carry wood and water and make ready to fish. On such trips, Mr. Roosevelt himself acts as cook and receives high praise from his companions for his ability with pot and skillet. When the day is done, he sits around the camp-fire with the boys and entertains them with stories. They then wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down under the open sky to sleep, and the boys to dream themselves mighty hunters. When they return home, they live for weeks in memory of the good times they have had and look forward with the eagerness of boys to a similar experience another year.

But Mr. Roosevelt's love for children is not confined to those of his own family. His heart goes out to the unfortunate children of the slums whose childhood is one dull day of penury and want, who have never seen the sun except through a cloud of smoke, who have never seen the flowers grow and inhaled the air sweet with the perfume of countless meadows. And he has done all in his power to make life happier for such children by using his influence for the establishment of public play-grounds and parks.

On his journeys through the different parts of the

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country, President Roosevelt receives the greatest joy from the greeting given him by the children. As they stand by the roadside waving their flags while joy beams from their sparkling, innocent eyes, he not only loves them but sees in them the future American citizens. To visit places where children are gathered in large numbers is always a source of real joy to him. Once when he visited a school for boys, he told them of his Italian bugler who gave the order for the "Rough Riders" to charge up San Juan Hill. He blew till Spanish bullets tore away the two middle fingers of the hand which held the instrument. He then went to the rear, had his hand bandaged, returned to the battlefield and helped to bear away the wounded. He told them of his color-bearer who bore the flag through such a hail of bullets that the emblem hung in rags. He told them, too, that all his men were brave, that they marched boldly against the enemy, though they left the fourth of their number on the ground, killed or wounded. Nor did he forget to tell them how, when the battle was over, the tired and hungry soldiers divided their rations with the starving women and children who came out from the beleaguered city of Santiago, and to impress upon them that true manhood and sympathy for the weak always go hand in hand, that the boy who is obedient to mother and kind to smaller brothers and sisters and playmates will grow into a worthy and respected citizen. On such occasions, the children listen to him with breathless interest.

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At another time, he visited the Children's Home, established by Jacob Riis on Twin Island. As soon as the children heard that the *Sylph* was in sight, they quit their dinner and ran down to the shore to greet him. Hardly had the president set foot on land when he was surrounded by children, each vying with the others to do him the greatest honor. They danced about him; they hung to his hands and to his coat-tail; they ran backwards in front of him and talked as they went. When the president had seen how happy the children were, he remarked feelingly to his companion, "Jacob, what is a monument of stone or bronze compared with the happiness of these children and mothers?"

President Roosevelt is the hero of the growing generation, and he is an example worthy of emulation, because he has always had high ideals and has to the best of frail human power lived up to them. As a boy, he made up his mind to develop his body that he might do the work of a man, and he succeeded. He was ever ambitious to stand for the right and he has never given way a hair's breadth from that course. "Better to be true than famous," he is fond of saying, and he has remained true to his ideals under every circumstance of life. And fame has come to him unsought because he deserved it. No one can say that he has not made mistakes; he is only a man with a man's fallible judgment. "Only he who does nothing makes no mistakes," he says himself.

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But in spite of his mistakes, which are few compared with his noble deeds of statesmanship and kindness, he stands before us not only as the recognized leader of one of the greatest nations of the world but as one of the strongest personalities of the nations of the world. He is feared by the *Dunkelmänner* (evil men) of his own land and loved by the great American people as a whole. And now in the words of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania we shall take leave of him:

“ We admire the courage which spurs him to do justice to all men without regard to race, color, or social standing. We hope that God may spare him many years as an example of American manhood, as a man who fears nothing except that he might fail to do his duty to God and man.”

THE END

